

WESSEX



M.W.B.

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Owing to lack of space it has been found necessary to hold over the articles on *Dr. Montefiore* by Professor A. A. Cock, on *Bevis of Southampton* by Mr. S. J. Crawford, and on *William Barnes* by Professor V. de S. Pinto. These articles will appear in next year's number of *Wessex*.

WOODEN HUTS.



It is in such huts as this that much of the work of University College, Southampton, has to be done—Music, Geography, Chemistry, Physics, Mathematics, all of these subjects find the whole or a great part of their accommodation within wooden walls. In such a hut, too, the Students' Council has its office. Great as are the disadvantages of working in these relics of the days when the College offered its new buildings as a War Hospital, it is still true to say that the work is *done*. But the work which the College does for Wessex, the district which it exists to serve, can be multiplied a hundred fold, if it can be done in more suitable buildings. The gain of the College in new buildings will also be the gain of

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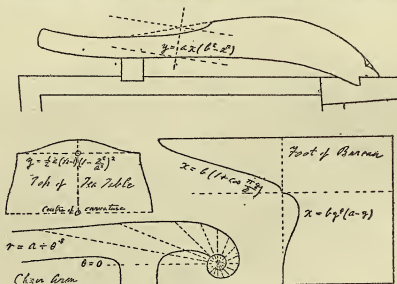
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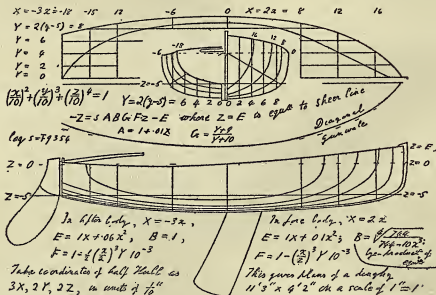
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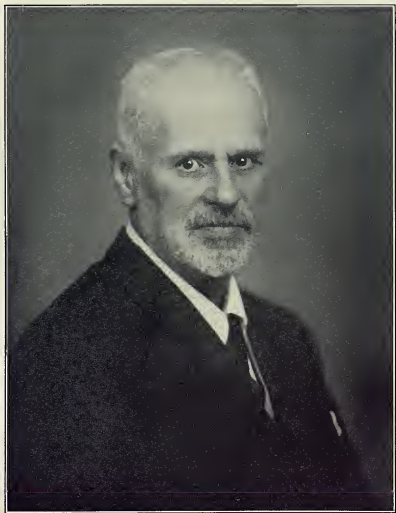
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Claude G. Montefiore

Wessex

An Annual Record of the Movement for
a University of Wessex

VOL. I No. 2

1ST JUNE, 1929

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON
1928-1929

A SURVEY

A SURVEY of the life of the University College during this period will naturally begin with the Visitation held by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught on Thursday, 14th June. This was the first Visitation held by the Royal Visitor, who also graciously consented on this occasion to open the new George Moore Botanical Laboratories. Fortunately it was a fine day and the principal ceremonies could be held out of doors in the front quadrangle. A very large and representative assembly was present including the staff, students, and members of the council and court of the University College, and a great number of visitors from all parts of Wessex. The First Number of *Wessex* was published on this day and was on sale in the College grounds, and a specially bound copy was presented by the Editor to the Visitor.

Unfortunately Dr. C. G. Montefiore, the President of the College, was prevented by illness from attending the ceremony, but his place was taken by His Grace the Duke of Wellington who welcomed the Visitor to the College. The Principal read a report of the progress made by the College during the last five years. In the course of this report he made the following statements:—

During the last five years there had been a steady and constant improvement in the financial position of the College, though its requirements had been so great that only a small proportion of them had been satisfied. Five years ago the College made a deficit of £2,780 on the year's working, but two years later this deficit had been wiped out by administrative reorganization, without cutting down any branch of activities or curtailing sums already being spent on equipment. Since 1923 the annual income of the College had increased from about £30,000 to about £38,000, an increase which was due largely to the appreciation by Government bodies of the work which was being done. The University Grants Committee had increased its annual grant from £7,000

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to £11,000, and the Board of Education had increased its annual grant for technical Education from £650 to £2,250. On the capital side the College had spent a very considerable sum mainly on the building developments and on the equipment of the Sports Ground, and had placed £20,000 to the Endowment Account, in order to increase the annual income yet further; but there remained an urgent need of increased Endowments and increased financial support from Public authorities.

At present the College was full of life. It had a band of keen students, an enthusiastic and devoted staff, and a district to serve which was every day coming to realize more and more the necessity for University Education. It had in the last five years proved its capacity to give a good return for the money that was being spent on it, but on the other hand opportunities for development were opening out on every side, and it was necessary that there should be certain immediate developments, so that these opportunities would not be missed. Particularly there was opening up a wide field of work in Extra-Mural studies. It was the fervent hope of the College that at the Duke's next visitation there would be a tale to recount of even greater developments, of far greater financial support, and of yet more definite steps to secure the University of Wessex of the future.

The Duke of Connaught in his reply spoke of the great pleasure it had given him to be able to visit the College and to see the good work that was being done there. 'I love sport', he said, 'but I recognize that Education, after all, must come first, and that there is plenty of room for both to work hand in hand together'. He expressed gratification at the Report which had been read. 'It gives evidence', he said, 'of the great vitality that exists in your College, and may I congratulate you all on the husbanding of your resources. When I heard what you have done with so little money I was filled with astonishment at the admirable manner in which you must have carried out your difficult and arduous duties'. 'One realizes', he continued, 'the importance of having a university institution in Southampton and the desirability of developing it into a full degree granting university to serve the whole of Wessex. I know that is what you are working for, and I hope it will not be so very long before you are able to call yourselves the University of Wessex'. He was gratified, he said, to hear of recent donations to the College. 'I know how impossible it is', he said, 'to run a College of this sort without some larger support than you get from your ordinary contributions. General financial support and endowment as our forefathers used in ancient times to give to their Universities are important. It is very essential that this feeling should exist, and that every opportunity should be given to carry out what is foremost in the thoughts of many who would be anxious to assist the College'. He emphasized also the desirability of the support of local education authorities. He said that he was especially struck by the careful way in which the College funds were administered so as to get the utmost result for the smallest outlay. 'You have made a splendid beginning', he said in conclusion, 'and I hope as year by year passes you will more and more spread education throughout Wessex, that you will help the people of Southampton, and that you will one and all recognize what an important thing it is in a big city that a good education should be something that is appreciated and looked up to by all classes of the community'. The Officers of the College, the Senate, and representative students were presented to the Duke, and he accepted from Mrs. George Moore, Widow of the benefactor, a golden key with which he unlocked the new Botanical Buildings. He was received there by Professor S. Mangham, Professor of Botany in University College, who conducted the official party through the new laboratories. After the official

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

ceremonies were over the Royal Visitor had to undergo another unofficial ceremony, and like the Prince of Wales, on a previous occasion, he became the central figure of the traditional Gblio or War-Dance of the students which he seemed thoroughly to enjoy.

* * * * *

At the time of this ceremony many students of the College were actually sitting for their Final Examination for the B.A. and B.Sc. Degrees of the University of London (External). Readers of *Wessex* need hardly be reminded that one of the great handicaps under which the University College works is the fact that it cannot, until it obtains its Charter as a University, examine for its own degrees, and that thus its students have to work on syllabuses set by the University of London. In spite of this handicap, students of University College, Southampton, obtained remarkable successes in the Examinations held in June, 1928. In the Final Honours Schools in Arts the College obtained more First Classes than any other similar institution in the country, and was second in the total number of degrees obtained. No less than three students of the Departments of English Language and Literature obtained First Classes (out of eight candidates who sat for the examination). In Science the College was second among University institutions competing for this Examination in the number of degrees obtained. In the B.Sc. Examination in Economics a student of the Economics Department obtained the only First Class awarded, and gained the Gladstone Memorial Prize. In the Intermediate Examination a greater number of passes were obtained by this College than by any similar institution in England.

* * * * *

The College began the Academic year of 1928-1929 in the following October with a considerably strengthened staff. New Assistant Lecturers were appointed to the Departments of Classics, and English Literature, and Zoology, all of which had been seriously understaffed for a considerable period. The appointment of a full time organizer of Extra-Mural Studies had for some time been contemplated in order to bring this work under a unified control and to extend it to meet the requirements of the wide area which the College serves. At the end of the Summer Term, Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, B.A. (Oxon.), was appointed Secretary for Extra-Mural Studies. Mr. Lindsay has made a special study of Extra-Mural work both in England and America, and it was no surprise to those who knew him that very soon after his appointment a vigorous Extra-Mural Department was formed and classes and lectures under his direction were being organized from West Sussex in one direction to Dorset in the other, and from North Hants to the Isle of Wight. An article from the pen of Mr. Lindsay on another page of this number of *Wessex* deals with the prospects of the work that he has undertaken. Nothing in the opinion of the present writer is likely to extend the prestige and influence of the University College more than the development of Extra-Mural work. By this means it is substantiating its claim to be the basis of the Wessex University of the future.

* * * * *

A gratifying recognition of the work of the Department of Chemistry was made at the opening of the new Session in the form of a Senior Research Award of £1,000 to Mr. H. H. Hatt of this Department by the Government Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Mr. Hatt graduated at University College, Southampton, in 1925 with First Class Honours and was given a grant of £140 per annum for two years to enable him to remain at College and undertake research work under Professor Boyd's direction. Some of the results of Mr. Hatt's work were communicated to the Chemical

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Society in 1927, and attracted much attention, and the fact that the awards of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research are very limited in number may be taken as evidence that Mr. Hatt is recognized as a young investigator, who, during his apprenticeship to research, has shown exceptional capacity for original work and the promise of becoming a leader of scientific thought. Another testimony to the valuable work of the Department of Chemistry came at the opening of this Session in the form of a grant of £100 from Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd., to assist in research work in Organic Chemistry during the current year.

The importance and value of the four year course for Teachers in the Department of Education were brought out by the number of intending teachers among the students of the College who elected to take this course. No less than thirty graduates started on their fourth year, the year of professional training, at the beginning of the Session 1928-1929. Miss B. Rabley of this Department was awarded a First Class on every paper in the Cambridge Teachers' Diploma Examination and secured a Distinction and an Endorsement as a specialist teacher in History. She headed the list in this Examination for the whole of England.

At the opening of the Academic year no less than 202 students were living in the Halls of Residence. These Halls play a most important part in the life of the University College, and are developing into something comparable to the Colleges in the ancient universities. South Stoneham House, the Hall for Men Students, is a beautiful seventeenth-century mansion standing in noble grounds, and has recently been considerably enlarged and modernized. There are two Halls for Women Students, Highfield Hall and South Hill. Council has decided this year to build a new Hall for Women Students and to make it one of the most up-to-date institutions of its kind in England. £22,000 has been voted for the immediate building of two thirds of this Hall, containing a library, a refectory, and study-bedrooms, and the work is approaching completion. It is hoped to include in the next number of *Wessex* a special article dealing with the Halls of Residence.

During the Long Vacation these Halls of Residence are used by various educational organizations. An Anglo-German Summer School was held at Highfield Hall in the Summer of 1928, and a Summer School for Clergy at South Stoneham House. At Easter 1929 the Parents' National Educational Union held a four days' conference at South Stoneham House.

The Southampton Campaign in support of the College Funds was launched at the South Western Hotel on 15th October, when a very large and representative meeting was summoned by the Mayor. The meeting was addressed by the Lord Lieutenant of the County, Major-General the Rt. Hon. J. E. B. Seely, the Duke of Wellington, the late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Colonel G. S. Szlumper, Mr. W. Frank Perkins and others. In the course of his Speech, the Lord Lieutenant commented upon the recent growth of Southampton in size and importance. 'With all these material evidences of advance and prosperity surely it was essential that Southampton should also be a centre of learning and culture'. 'Let us keep pace', he said, 'with the rapid growth of material prosperity in Southampton, so that, even as this great structure grows up, so the University will arise to direct, encourage, and inspire the thought and feelings of the young people of our beloved country'.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

The work of organization was taken up enthusiastically by a committee of local business men which decided after deliberation that the campaign should not be hurried, but should be spread over a considerable period so that everyone in Southampton should have an opportunity of giving help in the development of a scheme that is so important to the town and the district. The immediate objective of the Campaign is the raising of £100,000 in Southampton. About £22,000 had been raised by the end of the term. This sum includes gifts of £3,500, £2,500, 1,000 guineas and six of £1,000, and numerous others ranging from £700 to 6d. The Campaign aroused much interest in the town. The publicity campaign was organized entirely by members of the College Staff who voluntarily undertook this work in addition to their professional duties.

The Campaign was temporarily abandoned during the Christmas vacation in order that it should not interfere with the Miners' Relief Fund. The whole organization was placed at the disposal of the authorities in charge of the arrangements for raising money for the Miners during this period. The Campaign was launched again in January with very satisfactory results. At the time of going to press the total amount raised is over £25,000.

* * * * *

The inauguration of special courses of Foundation Lectures for advanced students and members of the general public, was an interesting innovation in the work of the College during this Session. The first course was given during the Autumn and Easter Terms by a famous French Scholar, Professor Denis Saurat, Dr. de l'Université de Paris, who is generally recognized as one of the leading Continental authorities on English Literature. Professor Saurat's epoch-making studies of Milton are known and admired by students of English Literature all over the world. His course at University College, Southampton, consisted of eight lectures on William Blake and the Eighteenth Century which had a special interest in view of the recent celebration of the Blake Centenary. Professor Saurat's lectures contained a brilliant analysis of Blake's thought and its relationship to various philosophic and religious Systems of Europe and Asia. They were greatly appreciated by advanced students of English Literature in the College.

Similar courses have been organized in the Faculty of Science. The first was delivered by Captain A. Egerton, F.R.S., Reader in Thermo Dynamics in the University of Oxford. His subject was the 'Thermal Constants of the Elements'; in particular he dealt with specific heat, vapour pressures, and Chemical Constants. Captain Egerton is well known for his work on the vapour pressure of metals, and the account of his experimental determinations of this quantity was specially fascinating.

A course of four lectures on 'Chemical Affinity' was given in the Spring and Summer Terms by Dr. C. K. Ingold, F.R.S., Professor of Organic Chemistry in the University of Leeds. Professor Ingold dealt with molecular electric moments and their significance in relation to the electronic theory of valency, tautomerism, and aromatic substitution. Dr. Ingold is well known as one of the most active workers in these fields of research, and his lectures proved extraordinarily attractive and stimulating. Additional interest attached to Professor Ingold's visits from the fact that he is an alumnus of University College, Southampton. He completed a very brilliant undergraduate career here in 1913.

* * * * *

The quinquennial visit of the University Grants Committee took place on 12th March, 1929. This Committee is appointed by the Government to report on the con-

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dition of university institutions which are in receipt of grants from the Treasury. The Members of the Committee who visited University College, Southampton, were Sir William McCormick, (Chairman) Sir Wilmot Herringham, Sir Arthur Keith, Mr. A. Kidd (Secretary), Mr. W. A. Chesterman (Assistant Secretary).

The Committee made an inspection of the College buildings and was especially impressed by the new seminar rooms in which the departmental libraries are now housed, and which are used for private study by students working for degree examinations. They also commented favourably upon the efficiency of the Botanical building and its remarkably low cost, the suitability of the Assembly Hall, and above all on the amenities of South Stoneham House, the Hall of Residence for Men Students. A very full report of the development of the College during the last five years was presented by Senate to the Committee. Points that were specially emphasised were the steady increase in the number of degrees obtained annually by students of the College, the growing tendency among graduates on the Science side to enter industry and commerce, the growth and importance of Research and Post Graduate work, and the development of the Halls of Residence and of the social life of the Students.

Members of the Commission lunched with Members of Senate and afterwards had a full and frank discussion with them. Later in the afternoon the Commissioners attended a special meeting of Council. Sir William McCormick at this meeting expressed general approval of the way in which the last Treasury Grant had been spent by the College, and was especially pleased that it had been spent largely on salaries and additions to the Staff. 'Whatever one may need in the way of building's, he said, 'there is no doubt that it is to the teachers, and I include the Principal as well, to whom we must look for real advancement of the College. . . . It is more important that you should have good teachers than good laboratories. I feel certain that of any advance we may induce the Chancellor of the Exchequer to give us in the future, a part of it will still go to the teachers' financial position'.

He spoke very highly of the students whom he had interviewed, and remarked on their superiority to those whom he had seen on former occasions. 'They are delightful young men and women', he said. Speaking of finance he said, 'If any of us were Chancellor of the Exchequer ourselves, we would like, when we are giving money from the state, to see what the local authorities and districts are giving to the institutions themselves. It is the best sign that you can give to the central authority that the local ratepayer appreciates the institution in its midst'.

'It would be a very great service to the institution, and would be welcomed by the Treasury, if the surrounding districts which this institution serves, as well as Southampton, were showing their appreciation of the College by some contribution to the work'.

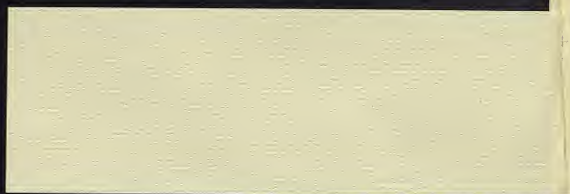
Sir William expressed surprise at finding that students came to the College from as far afield as Newcastle, Wales and Lancashire, and he was informed by the Principal that more than half come from the Wessex area.

He drew especial attention to the Departmental Libraries. 'Another thing', he said, 'that we are delighted to see is the system of departmental libraries. English, History, French, Geography, and so on all have their libraries and sitting rooms for the students working for degrees in their special subjects—reading for themselves and working out their own problems. We think that this is far better than listening to lectures from morning to night'. Speaking of the Halls of Residence he said, 'We are very

ERRATUM.

Page 7. For Sir Grahame Greene, K.B.E., read Sir
Grahame Greene, K.C.B.

We apologise for the error.



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

much impressed by the fact that Professor Cock tells us that he could take more students into the Men's Hall if there was sufficient accommodation. We have not found that elsewhere, except, perhaps, in Leeds'.

'It is the Halls of Residence', he added, 'that are going to make University teaching of real value. It would be a great thing if practically all our Universities were residential. The social environment is just as useful and important as the environment they get from the teaching. I hope there will be sufficient interest in the residential side of this College to relieve it of anxiety about traditional expenditure'. In connexion with Sir William's last remark it may be of interest to readers of *Wessex* to know that the building of the new Hall for Women Students will certainly involve the College in debt, if its present resources are not increased.

We learn while going to press that South Stoneham House has received from Sir Grahame Greene, K.B.E., a magnificent gift of books and pictures. This gift is especially welcome as the Halls of Residence are greatly in need of adequate libraries. It is to be hoped that Sir Grahame Green's example will now be followed by other benefactors.

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The Meeting with the University Grants Commissioners took place under the shadow of the news of the death of Dr. Alex Hill, F.R.C.S., Vice-President and former Principal of the College. A special Memoir of Dr. Hill has been contributed by Dr. C. G. Montefiore to this number of *Wessex*. In this place it is sufficient to say that in him the College has lost one of its staunchest friends and supporters, who came to its rescue in one of the darkest moments in its history.

* * * * *

In June, 1928, Dr. C. G. Montefiore, the President of University College, Southampton, attained his seventieth birthday and received congratulations from admirers all over the world. A dinner was given in his honour by Members of the Staff of the College on 9th June. It was also decided to present the President with a Volume of Essays and Studies representing original research by Members of the Staff. This volume, which is entitled *Speculum Religionis*, is to be published by the Clarendon Press, and will appear at about the same time as this number of *Wessex*. It is reviewed on another page by the Dean of Winchester, who kindly read it in proof. It may be mentioned that its publication was rendered possible by the generosity of a very large body of subscribers, which includes friends of the College and admirers of Dr. Montefiore from all parts of the country, and also from overseas.

An important sign of the way in which the town of Southampton is appreciating the work done by University College was seen in a resolution passed by the Southampton Borough Council on 20th March whereby the annual grant to the College from the rates was increased by £2,000. The total rate aid given by the town to the College including this new grant is now about £11,300 per annum and has been stabilized at this figure for five years. It may be added that the support given to the College by Southampton is not merely financial, but that most valuable aid is received from various business and professional men who devote their time to the work of the College Council and its Committees and the Business Men's Committee which is helping to organize the Appeal Campaign. Similar valuable support has been given by numerous friends in other parts of Wessex, and it is hoped that more support will now be obtained from public bodies outside Southampton. It is gratifying to learn at the time of going to

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press that the Isle of Wight and Bournemouth are considering the question of granting rate aid to the College.

* * * *

In his report to the Court of Governors on 15th April, the Principal mentioned some financial details which may be of interest to our readers. The new Botanical laboratories with lecture-rooms have cost £5,850. The improvements in South Stoneham House, which include the installation of a system of central heating, have involved an expenditure of £6,569. The freeholds of Highfield Hall and South Hill have been purchased for £7,862. The laying out and fencing of the Athletic Ground, a magnificent gift to the College presented by Mrs. Montefiore, wife of the President, and other smaller items of capital expenditure have amounted to £1,500. 'All this', he said, 'amounts to a capital expenditure of about £23,000. An annual deficit of nearly £3,000 has been wiped off and the income of the College has been increased from £30,104 in 1923-1924 to £38,040 in 1927-1928, and the estimated income for the present Session is £39,020. The calls upon this annual income however have been increased by the absolute necessity of strengthening the Staff in certain directions, and of establishing the Extra-Mural Department, which is essential if the College is to maintain touch with the district which it serves. So much has been achieved, but a very great deal remains to be done. It is essential to increase the annual income of the College forthwith by £5,000 to £6,000'.

* * * *

The ultimate goal of the movement which this publication is designed to serve is the obtaining of a Charter for a University of Wessex based on University College, Southampton. Unless, however, the district of Wessex outside Southampton gives greater financial support to the College this goal will remain in the distance. Of the capital outlay needed immediately there is £9,000 in cash available and £4,500 promised this year. This leaves £8,500 to be provided for the rebuilding of Highfield Hall alone, not taking into account the other expenditure which must be faced in other directions. The College buildings in spite of recent improvements remain very inadequate for present needs. At least half the work of the College has to be done in old army huts, which were scheduled as 'semi-permanent' after the war, and which will soon become quite uninhabitable. More scholarships and exhibitions for students in needy circumstances and post-graduate scholarships and studentships for students to pursue their courses of after graduations are needed, and the necessity of providing adequate quantities of books and apparatus is becoming constantly more urgent.

Readers of *Wessex* who have been educated in the older Universities amid the plenty of college and university libraries and laboratories, will hardly be able to realize the difficulties which stand in the way of students in young university institutions in these respects. Finally the salaries paid to the teaching staff still compare unfavourably with those of other similar English institutions. Council has accepted in principle a scale which will bring these salaries into line with those paid in other universities and university colleges, but hitherto unfortunately funds have not been available to put the scale into operation. It will thus be seen that there is ample scope for the inhabitants of Wessex to emulate the generosity of their forefathers, who in the Middle Ages built and endowed such foundations as the Cathedral and College of Winchester and the Abbeys of Wimborne, Romsey, and Beaulieu.

POETRY

A REPORT OF A LECTURE BY ROBERT BRIDGES

[The Poet Laureate, the British Broadcasting Corporation and the *Listener* have kindly allowed us to print the following Report of the Lecture on Poetry broadcast by Mr. Bridges as the first of the National Broadcast Lectures. Arrangements were made to enable members of University College, Southampton, to hear this Lecture, and a number of students and members of the Teaching Staff availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing the greatest living English poet speak on his art.]

WHEN I was invited to address you to-night I had to consider what would be expected of me. Many, I knew, would be curious to hear what a Poet Laureate had to say for himself—and such listeners would be gratified anyway. But how satisfy those who might look to me for some worthy engagement in a great subject, some deliverance of personal conviction?

I do not say that I should take stock of my spiritual aspirations; or set out a shop window of my philosophy of life; but in some sort I should systematize my æsthetic faith, and in the field of emotion discriminate those subtle influences, whereby man comes to awareness of eternal things, and by glimpses of mysterious vision is drawn within the attraction of that creative energy which is the source of all Being whatsoever. . . .

A nice little task for half an hour's talk!—in this practical mechanical age to justify the claim of Poetry to the high esteem which mankind has ever accorded it—to vindicate the rank of the heavenly Muse in rivalry with her earthly sisters, as she beats her wings in skies and is often lost in the clouds, while Science, patient Science, toiling apart in her workshop, is intent on her *own, other* Invisibles; and, working back to the Atoms, will handle and harness them, as she is doing for us to-night, in serviceable obedience to Man's material needs. Nor is Science to be interrupted in her devotion nor called off her task; for she, too, dreams amid the wonders of her sightly works, by her own *infinitesimals* to arrive herself at the unsearchable Immensities of Creation.

Surely there is no quarrel between Science and Poetry. But I saw my difficulty. For although the whole interest of an artist—Musician, Poet or Painter—is to express his thought, to make revelation of himself, yet this is the intimate business of his Art, and, *outside* his Art, he will resent any call to explain himself in common terms. So that I fought shy of this adventure, and should have renounced it altogether, if it had

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not occurred to me that, though I shrank from speaking of myself, I might very well speak of another.

Now I have known two or three poets in my life, and I shall cover what ground I can to-night, by picturing one of them as I knew him; and I will tell you, as best I may, of the poet with whom I have lived in longest and closest familiarity.

First I would call him a Platonist, because I am sure that it was from Plato that he got his belief that the thoughts of man are not mere earthly notions born in his animal brain—as we may be apt to think—but are eternal essences or influences that come to him from without. And thus he thought of the Brain as a mechanical Receiver of the essential activities of the Universal Mind—a Receiver, which, as it was certainly fashioned in the scheme and process of Nature, grew up (as it must have grown up) attuned in mutual accordance with Nature, to respond to the vibrations of her omnipresent Life and translate her ideas into human consciousness.

For Plato held that all our earthly vision was but of the Shadows of the Ideas, 'laid up', as he would say, 'in God's House'.

Now, if you don't like my poet, that is not my fault. But if, as I guess, some of you suspect that he is going to be too fantastical for your taste, I would reassure you on that point; for though he was a bit of a Platonist, he was something of a Materialist, since, holding that all our Ideas come to us through the animal senses, Reality (or our notion of Truth) must (as he affirmed) appear in external forms to our thought; and we must see Man's Life on this planet as a Material Evolution (as most of us in these days have come to regard it). And that Evolution, as we see it, is a Progress from lower to higher, from what we call Material to Intellectual and Spiritual, in successive stages from the Physicist's Atom to the Mystic's Vision of God.

Now, as my poet went on to say, Man's mind, being such a receiver of Eternal Ideas, would be complete and perfect if it received all the Ideas, and such a human mind would be absolutely in harmony and at one with the Universe, as he is a part of it. But his animal condition is imperfect, and each man can receive only some of the Ideas; and those but imperfectly.

This seemed to me to be reasonable enough. For commonsense will readily admit that the intellect of any one man *is* formed and consists of the co-ordination—for better or worse—of such Ideas as he may have come in contact with, and such as he is by his inborn disposition able to receive and absorb, to make up his Personality.

This would be very much as in Optic Science we take pure white

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light to be the consummation of all the colour-bands into which it can be separated by diffraction; and, if one of these were missing, the sunlight would be impure or imperfect, or so we may think.

Such imperfection must be in all men's minds, and our minds differ according to the ideas by which each man is possessed.

And here, I think you will agree, we have hit on something practical and pertinent. For the Artist, and the Poet as such, is the man who is possessed by the idea of Beauty, as the mind of Keats was, when he said:—

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

At least John Keats thought that to be the message of Greek art to a wasted and woeful generation; but, as is common in young minds, he was over-possessed with his idea, because, though we may say that Beauty is Truth (since all essential ideas are true in themselves), yet the terms Truth and Beauty are not interchangeable, for all truth is not beautiful.

Nature is not all beautiful; and thus Beauty would appear as a selection or discrimination of some attribute, a mental abstraction such as Philosophy loves to boggle at.

That there is Beauty in Nature, and that man loves it, are two facts. But these two facts (as my poet would have it) were one and the same; one was not the cause or effect of the other. Our notion of Beauty, or our feeling for it was (so he would have it) our consciousness or awareness of the Absolute Idea, an idea transmitted from the Universal Mind to our minds through our animal senses. Or, rather, in his way of thinking, it was the very Idea of Beauty that became itself conscious in the Artist.

He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom:
Nor heed nor see what things they be—
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man.

As some perfected flower, Iris or Lily (born in the wisdom of Beauty), is the picture of a special grace that has no other expression for us, nor could have—for that which Lily or Iris tells cannot be told by Poetry or by Music in their secret tongues, nor is it analysable by logic, but is itself an absolute piece of Being; and we neither know nor seek to understand by what creative miracle the soul's language is written in perishable forms. Yet we are aware of such existences—crowding, intangible phantasies

investing us on all sides—active presences striving to force entrance into our minds—like bodyless, homeless souls, pleading in dumb urgency to be brought to birth in our conscient existence, as if our troubled life were the life they longed for: as if eternity should crave for mortal existence, even as we mortals thirst for immortality.

But here (as you may guess) I put him two questions. What, I asked him, is the province of this Idea, this Essence of Beauty, in relation to other essential ideas?

And—could he tell me how these ideas work themselves out in the mind?

Taking the second question first, he begged me to get rid of any notion I might have that, as men say, I ‘thought things out for myself’—for, he said, the *Ideas think themselves out*. He regarded them, so far as I could understand, as separate entities or activities of the Universal Mind, which co-ordinated themselves in the brain with the same native energy as the principles of vegetant and animal life, which are also co-ordinated in physical structures, and by a machinery no less material.

For though, as he said, we can observe the functions and effects of the cells and glands that make up our bodies—as we can also observe the brain—and can in some sort disentangle their operations; yet we cannot pretend to understand the miraculous mutual sympathy whereby they spontaneously carry on all the activities of our animal life—motion, nutrition, sense, reproduction, and so on—which may themselves be considered as Ideas that are co-ordinated in us to harmonious action: such as in the plant, even, which has no brain, produce the ultimate forms that exist alongside of us, and speak to us of Beauty.

And to realize how powerless a man’s Will (or whatever he may call it) is to mould or fashion an Idea, he invited me to consider the Idea of a square or a circle, how the idea of a circle is received into the mind as a fixed unalterable eternal essence, with all its properties and consequences predetermined, the same for all men, who differ each from each only in the greater or lesser capacity for receiving it.

That was clear enough; but I immediately objected that the idea of a circle is an altogether different *kind* of idea from the idea of Beauty, because it is strictly definable and metrical, whereas the idea of Beauty is vague and spiritual, so that nothing can be logically deducible from it.

To this he at once assented, and said that he had only used the circle as an extreme illustration. And he confessed that he had no better definition of Beauty than that it was, in things and in thoughts, *the quality that provoked spiritual emotion*—and if I thought that spiritual emotion had

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no goal to determine its progress, he would be infinitely obliged to me, he said, if I would tell him where Mathematics was leading us, and whether that science always abjured abstractions, whether its very axioms were not inexplicable intuitions.

Or would mathematicians themselves admit that their supersensuous sublimation of thought—the euristic vision of their scientific trance—was not comparable in kind to the dreams and transcendental ecstasies of Poetry? And does not the verdict of mankind accept their status? Are not their geniuses as rare, and as highly esteemed, as the great poets? Do not the poets themselves acclaim this? What did Virgil say? or Wordsworth, worshipping in the chapel where the statue stood

Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone?

Indeed he told me that I should do well to imagine the mind and its constituent ideas very much as the Physicists have lately described the Atom: wherein, they say, a certain number of electrons revolve around a nucleus in a condition of stability comparable to our Solar System—a stability determined by their mutual attractions and repulsions, co-ordinated according to their number. So that if any one electron escape from the system, or if other electrons intrude from without, then the stability is upset, and a spontaneous re-adaptation of atoms ensues, to ensure a new stability.

I caught at this notion. It seemed to me as if I had known it all my life; it appeared to cover all the mental phenomena. It is easy to see how it describes National types of character, where certain groups of ideas selected by environment and racial history have long settled down in a self-satisfied system.

Again, how all personal irregularities are covered by the perturbations of lesser stabilities! Nothing could escape the infinite resources of this hypothesis—not even those sudden apparitions of forceful groups of men, who make epochs in history; whose characters are so unsympathetic with our kinder feelings, that all their famous heroism seems blotted with perfidy and crime—those unaccountable Elizabethans, for instance, as a brilliant historian has lately described them. And if—as may be assumed—stability of mind is a comfortable condition, it is natural that happily habituated men resent any new idea.

I had an omniscient, though momentary, vision of Psychology as an Exact Science; but above all I was pleased to see how it was that simple

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characters have such extreme beauty. For what men call Nobility of Soul does not consist of riches of Imagination or Intellect, but in Harmony of Mind, which is most clearly perceived where a few fundamental essences attain simple co-ordination and easy stability. Just as in music the true vocal intonation of the major Triad, the common chord, is the sweetest of the sounds, resolving all discords, and speaking of peace in its satisfied close.

Now the spiritual idea of Beauty, he said, is one of the great primaries, and more deeply implanted in us than our intellectual insight. With its universal emotional appeal, it is innate in children, and it actually appeared earlier in the evolution of animal life. Birds are of all animals the most like men in this; for they take delight in music and dance, and gracefully school their leisure to enliven life. And not only were they the earlier artists, but they are conscious artists.

Consider their grace, and then picture to yourself the first attempt of the mammal to dance and sing! I have fancied to detect vestiges of incompetence in some of our traditional morris-dancers.

We have not time to pursue this thought, nor waste the moments in demonstrating a truism: Man's innate love of Beauty.

It may even seem needless to guard against the possible misconception that Beauty is itself a sensuous idea, either because it comes to us through the senses, or again because it takes material sensuous form in Man's Art. That it has a spiritual effect is apparent enough. And here we stumble upon the very secret of Art. For we see that the faculty of Artistic Creation—which is rare in man and not at his command—is but the spontaneous play of certain ideas. It is but Nature herself, who, as my poet put it, will dance in her garden at the blossoming-time among the flowers of her setting; and though it be true that Art needs full devotion and diligence and labour in the performance, yet in the mind of the Artist its spontaneous method is simple enough—indeed it is the very simplest conceivable.

The Ideas which have come to mortal conscience in the mind, through the senses, work out of themselves their right co-ordination, and in their spiritual function of artistic creation will draw their natural imagery from the very same sensuous forms whereby they found entrance. And it is thus that the long unbroken tradition of Art is linked up. The manner of this magic is purest and least complicated in Music, but by a learner may be seen more easily in Poetry; because the material of poetry consists of verbal symbols, each of which carries and exposes its own particular idea—which musical sequences and harmonies do not. So that it is

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manifest in a poem by what promptings of thought the imaginative landscape is built up and composed, and how horizoned : and thus the secret of a poem lies on its face, although the effect may be inscrutable. No artifice can match this natural growth. Such spontaneous creation is inimitable, although, as my poet here said, 'Mimicry is Beauty's Cradle'.

I do not quarrel with anyone because his view of things is strange to me. We have all the same phenomena to interpret ; and that they provoke different interpretations in different minds must be reckoned among the phenomena.

What I liked best in this poet's philosophy was his insistence on the value of Beauty in Education, on which he dilated, when I asked him what he meant by saying that Mimicry was Beauty's cradle. If, on the one hand, he said, this love of Beauty is so deeply implanted in us that it appeared in animals before man ever came on the scene, and if, on the other hand, it is the idea by which man receives his spiritual intimations, the exploitation of it must be the most important thing in Education.

Education is complicated for us by the very slow and obscure development of the child, and by the fact that no two children are exactly alike ; so that, if we had suitable environment at the disposal of all, we should not know how to distribute it rightly. But we have not even this good environment at disposal, nor a sufficiency of good teachers.

And yet if Society is to be ordered and governed—as our fashionable politicians now assume—by the opinion of the greatest number—that is, by the greatest common measure of human minds—the only hope of man's eventual happiness would seem to be the expansion of the greatest common measure of wisdom by spiritual education ; otherwise the more animal ideas must be the greatest common measure of mankind.

Now any spiritual elevation must come through competent teachers cultivating the idea of Beauty in the young. That children have an innate love of Beauty is undeniable. Yet this is so little recognised that our best and most attentive teachers frequently exhibit surprise, when they discover a greater æsthetic sensibility in their young pupils than in the mature intelligence of their own inculcated minds ; and they will even take credit for this acute observation.

But, while the intellectual faculty is still dormant, spiritual things are to children as music is, which a child readily absorbs, without thought, although a full grown man, if he has lacked that happy initiation, can scarcely by grammar come at the elements.

My friend thought this of primary importance, because he urged,

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even if spiritual things were of less ultimate importance to man, they offer the first and easiest access to the child's mind.

If Nature had not inclined mankind to virtuous and spiritual life, we should not now be talking of it; and if we enquire how Nature has contrived to promote and foster this inclination, we shall see, he said, that it is by the energy of the imitative faculty.

And here he quoted a well-known text—and he spoke it with ecclesiastical solemnity:—‘For mimicry is inborn in man from childhood up, and in this he differs from the other animals, in being more imitative. And he makes his first approach to learning by mimicry, and takes delight in imitations of all kinds’.

It was not an artist or a poet who said that; it is from the dry scientific analytical mind of Aristotle.

If, then, a child will imitate the shows that happen around him—and will surely most attend to those that most attract him—he must be drawn (and we see that he is drawn), by his inborn love of beauty, unconsciously, by preference, to imitate beautiful things. And it is thus that Virtue itself arises; for Virtue is beauty of conduct—and, being an activity, it lies not in intellectual doctrine and theory, but in conduct and practice. So that the preferential imitation of right conduct is ‘the habit of Virtue’, which is the ultimate goal of scientific Ethic.

Thus a well-bred child in good environment, as soon as he is aware of personality, will know himself, and think of himself, as a virtuous being; and instinctively, in proud realisation of self (which is common to all animals) he becomes his own ideal, a such-a-one as would *will* and *do* this—and never do *that*—refraining here from Shame, consenting here for Love, winning ever new Beauty of Soul from the embrace of Beauty. And as this preferential imitation of right action is the ‘habit of Virtue’, so his preference for the beautiful, and his imitation of it, is his young spiritual life.

Spiritual life, thus imagined in the child, through conscient personality and love of Beauty—which on so tender a plant, budding, has power to bear the richest fruit of all creation, incomparable, there is nothing in all Education of more intrinsic need than the Food of Beauty.

As mammal's milk to his flesh which admits of no proxy, so is Beauty to his soul, which calls for the comforting of Nature's breast. And since the hunger of mimicry is so strong in him, that if it lack milk it will ravin gall, and suck infection and death in the nursery, the first need, he said, in Education is found.

You must all have agreed when I said that the difficulty of Education

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lay in the lack of good environment, and the deficiency of Teachers. It has always seemed as if this was a hopeless impasse: an inveterate default that held us in its vicious circle without hope of escape.

But if there is any moral to my fable, it is this: that Science has in our time actually provided a means of escape. Among the amazing discoveries that are thrusting back the nineteenth century into the dark ages, none promises so to revolutionise our social routine as this invention which we are using at this moment. The future of Broadcasting cannot be foretold: and all its developments will no doubt be seized upon and used as eagerly for evil as for good. But it has already made one step of solid excellence—such a mastery in the conveyance of pure sound that the highest creations of musical art are brought to the ears of all, and all of us, old and young, have rejoiced in this flood of good environment.

But my moral is that our Educational Authorities should use this means to flood our primary schools with spiritual teaching. And those who have to exploit Broadcasting for the public advantage, must not forget that they are responsible Teachers. Indeed some of our most distinguished Teachers need to learn that it is no part of a *Teacher's* business to provide the young with the common stuff that they could pick up anywhere. The Teacher's duty, as Teacher, is to give the best, and only the best; and if that is impossible, he must still aim at it with what means he has, and with what light God has given him, as best he may.

INVOCATION

YOU blessed Ones whom in all lovely things,
In meadow and flower, grey mountain, gleaming skies,
I have recognised since Love first led my eyes
To the heaven that lies around man's wanderings,
You divine Presences whose fragrance clings
To verse and music and colour, through the cries,
And tumult of a world enmeshed in lies,
Come to our aid, cover us with your wings.

For earth is black with those who hate your name
And spurn your works, who in their lust to win
Glittering ordure, trample time's dear flowers;
Against them we are guarding your pure flame:
For this we ask your aid: we are your kin:
Is not your Father in Heaven also ours?

V. DE S. P.

COLUMBUS

by A. ROMNEY GREEN

Part I

HOW in my brain resound words of the Arabian seer
Pleading that earth is round.—Whilst mast and sail are clear
Over yon bright blue mound the dark hulls disappear.

Of ships, of men, of gold, O Prince, I pray the boon.
I will repay tenfold your gifts.—O, read the rune ;
The earth is round ; behold her shadow on the moon !

Chance flotsam of the main, dead Indians on the flood
At Flores, the enormous cane, the strangely sculptured wood,—
The eagle in my brain, the tiger in my blood—

They will not let me rest.—How do men pace these streets
On whom this wild suggestion, this endless rumour beats ?
How for yon wide blue west not fly these mouldering seats ?

My dream, the call—my Lord's—for me through troubled sleep
To the ocean gates and fords with keys and clues to keep
That shall unloose the wards and watches of the deep ;

Strange truths distill'd from fables born on every breeze,
Wild wisdom of Arabia, lore of China seas,
Lodestone and astrolabe, accorded now to these ;

Funchal's emaciate file of human wreckage blown
To the rumour'd Indian isle, and back, through seas unknown :
His tale, their dying pilot's, breath'd to me alone—

They will not let me rest. Ships, men and gold, I pray,
All you whose golden quest is India and Cathay :
Out through the golden west there lies a shorter way.

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COLUMBUS

Hard-earn'd, but there they ride, three little ships, how few,
How ill-mann'd, how ill-supplied, my soul's behest to do.
But so much more men's pride, my steadfast Soul, in you.

Beatrice Arana, well you've sped these waiting years.
Ever with thee to dwell—O, Siren, in mine ears
How sweet thy song, how jealous and bitter-sweet thy tears !

Loss of wide lands, an earldom, well I'd bear for thee :
But not that these be furl'd, my banners of the sea.
Dearer yon wondrous world than womankind to me.

Part II

The open west, the stark blue sea, the bellying sail,
And on our quarter, mark my troth, the favouring gale.
Thus shall it lift, the darkness, thus be rent the veil.

How, and on what an urgent quest, is tongue to tell,
We chase the grey sea verge, we climb the monstrous swell,
We cleave the snow-white surge, each roaring caravel !

But how to rule and cheer, now that our course departs,
These who must stand and steer, beyond the wildest charts,
Landlubbers, gaol-birds, fear-struck freight of childish hearts ?

Be serpent-wise, my soul, to whom these waifs defer,
Their murmuring to control, their faith and hope to stir—
Ready to blame the pole-star should the compass err.

Reel off the long sea miles, hold fast the setting sun
To those gold-tinctured isles, but underwrite your run :—
O Man of midnight wiles, this would be wisely done.

The compass errs indeed—the endless weed is curl'd
About our prows.—'Take heed', they cry, 'we shall be hurl'd
Over its verge, the Weed that circumscribes the World'.

'Faint hearts, O mark the crayfish, mark the pelican !
'Tis not so far away, their native shore : O, scan
The blue horizon : play the man, O play the man' !

WESSEX

'But, Master, how return, when ever thus we find
The steadfast wind astern? To the haunts of humankind
How sail our endless journey home against the wind'?

'Nay, whirls and circles all are earth and sea and air :
The wind a dancer's shawl which he who will may wear
Across this witch's caldron forth and back to fare.

'Even now the wind's ahead, and we've half circle come :
(As Moses' way the Red Sea, mine the Atlantic foam)
The East hath outward sped, the West shall bear us home.

'So haul your wind and breast the breaking seas again :
Better this wondrous quest than fill the gaols of Spain',
(Landlubbers, gaol-birds, pest and vermin of the main !

I know, but they must not know that I know how rife
Their murmured plots, or what portends the sheathing knife
Even as I turn—they plot my life, they plot my life !)

The signal, what to tell, of gunfire on the breeze !
Land, do they say? All's well : and from their craven knees
The 'Gloria in excelsis' sounds o'er barbarous seas.

—Dawn, and no ray nor balm of hope, no verdant shore,
Nor reef, nor rock, nor palm : boundless, as heretofore,
In a calm dawn the calm, the eternal sea once more.

'Friends, we have miss'd the isles, our inn, but not the Way ;
And by those good sea miles we're nearer to Cathay :
Match me this dawn that smiles upon another day.

'Double the rations, Steward—twice to every man
Of wine and biscuit : few the days they've yet to span'.
('Tis thus divine imprudence speaks that only can.)

'And, see'—(my guiding star, pillar of fire by night)
'No sea-birds they, nor far away their bourne—how bright
This cloud by day of parrots ! Mark the marvellous flight' !

COLUMBUS

Birds of good omen all that flew on his right hand,
Would not the Roman call? Bow'd to such shy command,
Came not proud Portugal to many a secret land?

' Bear west-south-west, my friends, whither in that dark line
The heavenly phalanx tends '—O, new-found world of mine
For of what wondrous ends are not those plumes the sign?

Parrot and peacock, ape and auroch : by the way
Fish of what curious shape and hue, my colour'd prey :
And breezes soft as April in Andalusia !

Night, and all night there sings the passing overhead,
The sound of rushing wings, even as a music shed
From undiscover'd springs to bless the path I tread.

Dawn, and how fresh and rare a fragrance on the breeze !
At a floating branch we stare—torn grass—what tokens these !
Dog roses even, they swear, as upon faery seas.

Night, and no land—but stay, what means yon flickering light ?
O, better night than day, lest joy were blinding quite !
The veil is torn away, and this my bridal night !

' Yon light—nor fix'd nor falling star—some fiery brand,
See you not comrades all, as by some human hand
Waved through the night?—strange call, this to his ghostly strand.

' So shorten sail at last : praise to the witless fire
Our long sea toils are past : nigh grows our goal and nigher '.
And beats more fierce and fast my heart with strong desire.

Another veil unroll'd—a late half-moon hath spann'd
The violet gulfs with gold, and on our starboard hand
'Twixt sea and sky, behold, the low dark line of land !

—Astern the spikes of rose and aureate dawn, before
In a blue sea there glows—a boundless sea no more—
Distinctlier shapes and grows yon white and verdant shore.

WESSEX

Thus is it rent, earth's virgin veil, thus first appear
Dread mysteries ungirdled, zones divested here :
Thus do I clasp and circumscribe the conquer'd sphere.

O, craven soul of Man, that hath not woo'd so fair
A Love since time began, nor caught her by the hair,
This pulsing life to span of earth, and sea, and air :

Too long content to rest, each where he chance to start,
A child upon her breast, without the lover's art
Or fire to make his quest of each more lovely part—

Each secret isle of bliss from which the veil is drawn
The adventurer's prow to kiss with flowery grove and lawn
Airily wrought as this clear fabric of the dawn.



ST. CROSS HOSPITAL, WINCHESTER

ABOUT a mile south of Winchester on the banks of the Itchen there stands the ancient Hospital of St. Cross with its famous Church.

The Church of St. Cross is a sort of adjunct to the Cathedral. It is said that there was a Church there before, but 1136 is the date usually given for the beginning of the present buildings erected by the charity of Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen, who was Bishop of Winchester at the time. Then provision was made for one hundred Brethren, and a dole to be given to wayfarers consisting of bread baked, and beer brewed on the premises. As can be imagined we read of the dole being abused, but the habit of providing food and drink and sometimes shelter for vagrants, was really the crude beginning of the Poor Laws of England which first took shape in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The dole remains to this day.

The most ancient part of the Institution is the Church. The South Transept was begun in 1136, then came the North Transept, then the East end and the North and South Chapels. Later, probably because there was danger of the Church falling, the Nave was built. The eastern pillars of the Nave are still out of the straight. It is recorded that the Church was originally thatched, so that the upper part is considerably later than the lower; the clerestories, and ambulatory which goes all round the Church, and the lantern Tower being built towards the close of the fourteenth century. Probably the building as it now stands, begun in 1136, was finished at the end of the fifteenth century. This period covers many of the most violent changes in the architecture of the country—from Norman to Transition-Norman to Early English and Decorated. But beyond all doubt the late Norman is a special feature of this Church. It would be difficult to find a better example of it in the country.

There are many interesting things in the interior. The beautifully vaulted roofs of the North and South Chapels, and the interlaced arches at the East end, are specially remarkable. The woodwork, of which some specimens remain, belong to the latter part of the fifteenth century. Notice also the Gothic screens which were taken out of the Church of St. Faith which stood about a quarter of a mile to the North and was apparently destroyed or fell down about the year 1507. The Norman font also came from St. Faith's Church. There is a curious 'bird' window,

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as it is called, late Norman, with birds' heads carved all round it, in the North Transept, and close to it a small window splayed so that the light would fall upon the face of the image of the Blessed Virgin standing upon the bracket on the north-eastern pillar of the Nave. About sixty years ago the Church was restored under the superintendence of Mr. Butterfield, R.A. He attempted amongst other things to restore the ancient colouring at the East end, but the effect was not pleasing to many, and it was removed in 1928. The whole effect of the Church and buildings is to make the visitor feel that he is surrounded by the spirits of those who lived and worshipped there during the past 800 years.

If we walk across the Court we notice the buildings in which the Brethren live. There are altogether twenty-seven resident: eighteen belonging to the oldest foundation under Henry de Blois and nine to the Noble Poverty foundation founded by Cardinal Beaufort. The original Brothers' rooms have disappeared. The foundations of them are still to be seen in the Park on the South side of the Court.

But the most beautiful part of the Beaufort foundation still remains—the Beaufort Tower and the Hundred Menne's Hall erected during the first half of the fifteenth century (1420 to 1440). Cardinal Beaufort spent much of his time in the Beaufort Tower and there remain in the old 'Hundred Menne's Hall' his salt-cellars and candlesticks and jacks standing upon the oval table of Purbeck stone which dates probably from the reign of King Stephen, and is said to have been brought from Winchester Castle. There too is the charcoal fireplace in the middle of the Hall, and the roof, now nearly 500 years old, built of chestnut and therefore immune from the ravages of beetles. It is worth while too having a look at the kitchen which has been much restored, but which contains the kitchen furniture which was in use for years.

The Brothers have gardens at the back of their houses; and permission should be obtained to visit the Master's garden on the East side of the ambulatory, which contains the old fish pond and from which most beautiful views can be obtained both of the Church and of Beaufort Tower, and of St. Catherine's Hill and the surrounding Downs.

No attempt is made in this article to describe the details of this wonderful foundation. The whole conveys a sense of peace and beauty and quietness. The Trustees, fifteen in number, of whom the Earl of Selborne, K.G., is the Chairman, take the greatest care for the comfort of the Brothers and for the maintenance of the magnificent charge which is entrusted to them. An arrangement is made by which some of the Brothers act as Exhibitors and show visitors the Hospital. Some hun-

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dreds come every year, many of them very frequently, to gain some sense of antiquity and beauty and of the noble heritage which is left us in St. Cross. How true it is, 'Charity never faileth'.

A. E. DALDY.

LA REVENANTE

'Curæ non ipsa in morte relinquunt'.

by ADRIAN DE FRISTON

PALE as night-flowering campion,
With dew-soft feet and dark eyes burning,
Your little ghost comes haunting one
Slumberless night, all young and yearning.

Clung in familiar curves that bow
To rhythms of the old embrace,
We feel the ageless urging grow
That burdened long your bodied grace,
Craving the soul beyond the face,
The lyric from the living lyre.

Yet, even ghost to ghost, we know
That slakeless thirst, that thwarted fire,
The old frustration of desire.

THOMAS HOBBS OF MALMESBURY

SOME years ago I had the honour to be included in a course of lectures on 'Wessex'. The subject assigned to me was 'Philosophy in Wessex'. The invitation warily anticipating my embarrassment had stated that it meant a lecture on 'Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury'. I could not help thinking at the time that if Hobbes himself had heard of the spiritual survival of the Heptarch kingdom and of his inclusion in it as one of its illustrious ornaments, his sense of humour would have probably found expression in words coarse, brutish and blunt. He lived when men fought for idealisms and laid down their lives for the divine right of kings and the privileges of parliaments, but for him life was matter of fact and idealisms all absurd. Indeed I must hazard the very emphatic opinion that if Hobbes's life had not been passed in troublous times which made it impossible for him to enjoy the spirituality of Wessex, it is most unlikely that he would have been a philosopher. In the first half of the seventeenth century there was one apparently insignificant spot in the world where, because it attracted no attention, the philosophers could find a meeting ground, and it was not in Wessex. It was the cell of a Minim Friar at Paris, in the convent of the Annonciade, and its presiding genius was a rigidly orthodox priest, Father Mersenne. Every new theory was discussed in his cell and all the philosophers of Europe applied to him to put them in communication with one another. It was in his journeys and exile on account of political conflicts at home that Hobbes came to discover this philosopher's sanctuary, and that he became in consequence one of the world's philosophers, one of the greatest Englishmen, one whose name adorns the list of those who have formed and directed the mind of Europe and determined the form of Western civilization. He is the contemporary and friend of Descartes though Descartes did not love him. The two philosophers had little in common. He was in no sense Descartes's rival; he was rather his antithesis. Hobbes's great originality was in political philosophy. He is the first of a long line of modern thinkers who have established the science of statecraft on a rational basis.

Hobbes was born in 1588, the year of the defeat of the great Armada, and it is said that his mother's fright at the reports of the great sea armament caused a premature delivery. His father was a country clergyman.

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It does not follow, however, that his youth was passed under pious influences, for we hear that his father was one of the scandalous clergy, finally forced to fly the country for assaulting a fellow parson at his church door. The infant Thomas, with an elder brother Edmund and a sister, were brought up by an uncle, a prosperous glover of Malmesbury. At the age of four he was sent to school, at eight he entered the grammar school at Malmesbury and afterwards went to a private school. He became proficient in the classics and before he was fourteen he had translated the *Medea* of Euripides into Latin verse. At fifteen he went to Magdalen Hall, Oxford. After his graduation he was appointed, on the Principal's recommendation, tutor to William Cavendish, son of the Earl of Devonshire. Tutor and pupil were the same age and the choice was really for companionship. The two became close friends and the twenty years of their association was looked back on by Hobbes as the happiest years of his life. He remained attached to the Devonshire household till the end of his life, receiving a pension when he had no pupil to teach, living at the family mansions long after any active services were required. In 1640, when the civil commotions in England were rapidly moving to open conflict and the civil war, he went to live in Paris. There he came into the circle of Descartes, Gassendi and the great mathematicians who met in Father Mersenne's cell. Some years later, when about sixty years old, he fell seriously ill and everything seemed to point to a fatal issue. When he was expecting death Father Mersenne called on him, and thinking it his duty to turn his thoughts to religion, asked him if he could administer any spiritual service. Hobbes replied: 'Father, all these matters I have debated with myself long ago. Such kind of disputes would be troublesome to me now. You can entertain me on more agreeable subjects. How long is it since you saw Gassendi?' In 1651 he returned to England. Cromwell and the Puritans were in fact more tolerant to free thought than the Catholics. It was in this year that he published *The Leviathan*. At the Restoration in 1660 he received a pension of one hundred pounds a year from Charles II in recognition of the lessons Hobbes had given him as Prince of Wales. Like most of Charles's liberally awarded pensions, it was very difficult to get payment. In 1666 he had again cause of alarm, for Parliament proscribed *The Leviathan* and enacted severe laws against atheism. His later years, however, were peaceful. He translated Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* into English, and in 1676 at the age of eighty-eight he published *Behemoth*. It had been written twenty years earlier but Charles had forbidden the publication. It went through three editions in two years. He died in 1679 aged ninety-one.

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Hobbes was never married. He was dark, handsome, over six feet tall. Till the age of forty he was delicate in health but after that age fairly robust. He was temperate in habits. He tells us somewhere that he may have been drunk perhaps a hundred times in the course of his life, and he regarded this, in the circumstances of the age probably rightly, as a record of moderation. By reason of his attachment to the Cavendish family, he had always a competency, could travel, had intercourse with the leading scholars of the age and was received into the highest intellectual circles in whatever country he was. Notwithstanding his scholarship he was not a scholar. He was a thinker rather than a reader. Once when reproached for devoting so little time to book study he remarked that probably 'he would have known as little as other men if he had read as much'. It is curious that his personal character and temperament always seemed to get him into trouble with the cause he was espousing. *The Leviathan* was directed against the parliamentary party, convicting them of the extreme of absurdity. Yet it gave great offence to the Royalists, far outweighing their pleasure in the discomfiture of their opponents, for it knocked away their whole substructure, the divine right of kings. In like manner *Behemoth* was an indictment of the Long Parliament when it had no friends and was held in revulsion and contempt, yet it offended the king's friends even in reviling the late king's enemies. The fact was that although constitutionally timid, taking alarm at the slightest appearance of danger, he was intellectually audacious. He was reviled on all sides as the typical atheist, as a materialist, a political absolutist and a preacher of ethical selfishness. He was repudiated by each party in turn and always with indignation. Rebellion against the monarch, he argued, is in any case absurd, not because the monarch's right rests on divine appointment, a ridiculous doctrine, but because monarchy is clearly the only escape from a greater evil! The more rational such a doctrine was made to appear the more irritated and the more indignant were the monarchists. He was no luckier when he sought to make peace with the Commonwealth by demonstrating that his argument against rebellion would apply with equal force to a Protector as to a king.

Hobbes was a product of the great intellectual movement which we name the new learning to distinguish it from the old scholasticism and which we take as the inauguration of modern science and modern philosophy. He is a young contemporary of Bacon and Galileo and Kepler, a full contemporary of Descartes and Pascal and Harvey, all of whom he survived. Spinoza, with whom his name was to be so often associated in a common charge of atheism, was his contemporary in his old age. To

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understand this charge of atheism against Hobbes and Spinoza we must put ourselves back into the peculiar circumstances of their age. Hobbes took no pains whatever to rebut the charge or to defend his theory against it. Yet neither Hobbes nor Spinoza were atheists in any meaning which we should give to that descriptive term to-day. Indeed it is doubtful if we ought to class Hobbes's philosophical system as a materialism. Not only was Hobbes not an atheist but he did not renounce the Christian faith and he adhered to the Anglican communion throughout his life. In this he was certainly not insincere, and he was the last person in the world to shelter himself by a hypocritical observance of forms. The fact is that in the seventeenth century there were no atheists in our modern theoretical meaning. The term was one of abuse and horror applied to those who did not *fear* God, to the ungodly in the Psalmist's meaning of the fool who said in his heart there is no God. Now Hobbes was not one of these; why then was he called by the opprobrious name? In the seventeenth century, and especially in Puritan England, it was horrible sacrilege to criticize Scripture or undermine its authority as the divine revelation of the Christian faith. Hobbes did not reject the authority of Scripture but he had a theory of the nature of its revelation and in this he was followed by Spinoza. His theory is what the Christian church has no difficulty in accepting to-day, that the Bible is not an authoritative revelation of scientific truth but a practical guide of life. This meant that God spoke through the inspired writers in their own language and in their own concepts. Only so could a divine revelation by human means be rationalized. It was legitimate, therefore, to criticize Scripture from the standpoint of history. To the Puritan who held that the Bible is verbally inspired, a direct message from God to the human individual, such a doctrine was blasphemy. But apart from his theory of Scripture, was there not in Hobbes's philosophy itself a dispensing with the theistic hypothesis and an implication that it was unnecessary? To this the answer is most distinctly, Yes. Hobbes's metaphysics and psychology were very fragmentary and he worked out no system, but when we compare his logical procedure with that of Descartes, for example, we cannot fail to see a complete difference. Descartes interprets the whole physical universe, including man's living organism, as a mechanistic result of movement imparted to extension, although, as Pascal remarked, he needed God to give it the starting kick. More than this, Descartes required the ontological proof of God's existence in order to account for the clear and distinct idea we possess of the external world and to afford that assurance of its truth which is our natural belief. Hobbes likewise distinguishes

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between the idea in the mind and the existence of the object of the idea, but he thinks that both the realm of thought and the realm of nature are accounted for by movements. He is as satisfied with this ultimate concept as the Epicurean was satisfied with the explanation that the atoms and the void were eternal. Probably, too, like the Epicureans, he would have found room in the universe for the gods while denying their efficiency or their interest in man. Hobbes accepted human nature as what he found it to be and regarded speculation as to the origin of reason, superfluous, and theorizing as to God's nature, purposeless.

Hobbes's bent from his earliest years and throughout all his philosophizing was towards political philosophy, and it is from the standpoint of his political theory that his atheism and materialism are all important. That is to say, their value or significance as constituting a metaphysical theory or a system of philosophy is nil, but their practical value in treating political theory from a purely rational consideration of its basis in human nature is inestimable. It is difficult for us to realize how novel in Hobbes's day such a standpoint was and how complete a revolution it represents. Catholic and Protestant alike held, with a conviction which seemed grounded in natural reason, that government is a divinely appointed institution, that all authority derives directly from God. The Catholic view was that the Pope, the successor of St. Peter, was the vicar of Jesus Christ and that all secular kings held their authority from him. The belief had been rudely shaken, first by the historical criticism which had exposed the forgeries of the Decretals, and then by the spiritual revolt of the reformers. Yet the reformed doctrine in affirming the direct relation of the individual soul to God and denouncing the mechanical theory of ordination had substituted the authority of Scripture, and this enjoined, unambiguously, submission to the king and declared all secular princes and rulers to be divinely appointed. Hobbes destroyed this doctrine of divine right and it has never been resurrected.

The central idea of *Leviathan* is that the state consists of men who by no fault of their own but by the fact of human nature are selfish and lawless. The life of man is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short. Man's rational nature consists in understanding and desire, and these originate in, and are ultimately reducible to, movements. Thoughts and wishes are no other than delicate and subtle internal movements reduced to order by external movements. Hobbes makes no attempt to delve beneath or discover an interpretation of this metamorphosis of movements into thoughts and desires. So far as his purpose is concerned such investigation would be irrelevant. Men originally lawless conceive the idea of gaining an

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advantage by manufacturing an artificial man. This is Leviathan, the state. In this artifice they follow the direct teaching of nature, for in man the head is the ruler of the whole body. That the manufacturers of the state by their natural reasoning would see the advantages of the subordination of the members of the body to the head and construct the artificial man on the model of the natural man, Hobbes takes for granted. On two points he has absolutely no doubt: the origin of the state is artificial not natural, and it is rational and deliberate. It is a contract. In contracts the contracting parties surrender rights to secure an advantage. A contract can be dissolved, but with its dissolution disappears also the advantage it existed to secure. It is impossible to dissolve a contract and retain the advantage. From this he pointed the conclusion that the action of the Parliament in rebelling against the king was neither a sacrilege nor a crime but an absurdity.

Hobbes had no historical sense although he had a good knowledge of history. It was the moral lessons he read in Thucydides's history of the Peloponnesian war which first turned his mind in the direction of political philosophy. It was his conception of human nature which led to his constructive theory. What irritated his adversaries was that on every point he could appeal for support to Scripture. It was consistent with the Christian doctrine to hold that before there is law there is no sin, and that for law to be, there must needs be a law-maker. It was indeed the actual Pauline argument. No Christian could challenge the rationality of the doctrine that a contract is not only binding on the contracting parties but on their posterity who enjoy its protection and benefit. What Hobbes ignored was the essential Christian doctrine of grace, a spiritual power striving in and for man to raise his condition from misery to beatitude. The God and the Jesus of Hobbes are as disinterested in man and things human as the gods of Epicurus. At first sight this may seem at variance with Hobbes's acknowledgment of Scripture as revelation. But what we actually find is that he grounds the revelation on the fact of its rationality and admits no other criterion. The Old Testament is the history of the chosen people. It sets forth the ideal of kingship. God is the king of Israel. This theocracy means that the children of Israel make a covenant with God. He will give them laws and sanctions and enforce these with penalties. But God is perfect wisdom, his law is perfect, and for this reason beyond the power of the people to fulfil. Man requires some visible authority and the unseen God condemns idolatry and must speak therefore by his prophets. In course of time the people become restless and rebel against God's representatives the prophets. They ask for a

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king. Now a king means a human being, one of themselves, not one speaking God's word, but one taking God's place. That is to say, the king does not derive his authority from God or represent God as the prophets did; he occupies the place of God. The prophets are quite definite in pointing out clearly what this means. The people make a covenant with their king as their first parents, and later the patriarchs had made a covenant with God. They part with their natural right. It is their only way to peace. They want laws that evil-doers be restrained and that they may by their industry obtain and enjoy such things as are necessary to commodious living. They want a king like the kings of the nations who shall go out and come in before them and be their headpiece in negotiating with other nations in peace or opposing them in war. God, by the mouth of the prophet Samuel, informs them exactly what this means. 'This shall be the right of the king you will have to reign over you'. All this, of course, was in direct opposition to the whole conception of divine revelation as understood and interpreted by the spiritually minded of every Christian communion. The words of God through Samuel were a warning meant to indicate that kings are human, and that all human institutions are destined to be abused and irksome. They were not to be read as freeing kings from their responsibility to God and from their obligation to rule justly.

Yet Hobbes was not irrational. He examined seriously and in every detail the conditions of sovereignty. The supreme power might be located in a parliament, or in a democracy, or in an aristocracy or oligarchy, or in a monarchy or despotism. His essential doctrine was that sovereignty in every case rested on contract, and that the contract could not be dissolved because one of the parties was discontented or the other tyrannous. If the contract were broken it could only mean reversion to the preceding anarchy. Rebellion consequently was inherently absurd. The absurdity of course was not overturning the monarchy if the purpose was to substitute a new power as sovereign, whether that new power was monarchic, oligarchic or democratic. The absurdity was in recognizing the sovereign power and disobeying it, or rather crippling it, in the exercise of the very function for which it was created.

To appreciate Hobbes's place in philosophy and political history we have to see in what the originality of his theory consisted. He gave to political philosophy the form it retained for two hundred years, in fact until, in our own day, it has had to be reconstituted in the light of the new biology. It is Darwin who has overthrown Hobbes. The social contract theory is accepted by all writers throughout all the reconstructive

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period of the French Revolution. This theory of the artificial nature of the state, the conception of the social fabric as man-made, was not new. We have it in the ancient philosophy, witness the *Republic* and the *Laws* of Plato and the *Politics* of Aristotle. The peculiarity of Hobbes is that he derived nothing from this source. It is curious that he did not, for he was primarily a classical scholar. He was one of the first to read the lesson of ancient history as a warning to the actors of modern politics. Thucydides impressed him deeply with the analogy his history offered to the civil war of his own time. But the speculative metaphysics of the ancients appeared to him as childishness. His theory is taken from the Christian doctrines and from the accepted principles of Protestant theology. The central idea of Puritan theology is that the relation between God and man is a legal covenant between contracting parties. This was the essence of the evangelical scheme of salvation. It was the meaning of the atonement. God was bound to man by the covenants into which he had entered. This harsh aspect of the relationship was softened in the popular imagination by endowing the deity with tenderness, with the love of a father for his children. Even the doctrine of election made the individual the recipient of a peculiarly spiritual gift of grace. Hobbes strips away all spiritual meaning, takes man as he finds him, and accepts the account of man's origin and his relation to his creator as it is set down in a record which, though it may require critical understanding, is not seriously challenged in its historical authority.

Hobbes's pure philosophy is not very profound, and it is mainly negative. He cannot be said to have any metaphysical theory. The best description of his philosophy is that it is the rejection of everything which appears irrational. He abhors superstition. He is not moved, like Lucretius, by pity for the needless irrational fears of the superstitious; he is rather amused by them, and treats them with undisguised contempt. His natural philosophy is generally an application of Descartes's principle of the conservation of movement. He rejects altogether Descartes's argument for the immortality of the soul and it is rather curious to compare the two philosophers on this point. Hobbes says if the soul is incorporeal it cannot feel, for pleasure and pain derive their meaning from sense experience, and this involves corporeality. Descartes on the other hand had argued, somewhat perversely as we think, that only the soul can feel, and that consequently the animals who have no soul are automatic machines. If Hobbes found no use for an immortal soul he had no difficulty in believing in the resurrection of the body. Whether it was true or not that the dead are raised, the belief was not irrational. He

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rejected the Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation simply because it was irrational.

Hobbes's theory of knowledge that all ideas are derived from sense is often represented as an anticipation of Locke, but his treatment of the matter is fragmentary and unsystematic. Hobbes merely rejected the old scholastic theory that ideas are specific images cast off from material objects and impressing the organs of sense. He accepted Descartes's principle that only movements are communicable. He has no theory as to how sensations, which are only due to movements, become ideas.

Hobbes, notwithstanding his colossal proportions, his splendid powers, and his amazing good sense, stands apart from the great line of philosophical development. He was a philosopher because he philosophized. He is not one who takes a place in history on account of the germinative character of his thought, yet he does not fall short in the greatness of his genius or in his intellectual gifts.

H. WILDON CARR.

SUMMER THANKSGIVING

by BARBARA DE FRISTON

TO lie beneath an ancient tree in yonder wood,
Cradled in carpeting of Nature's care,
Gazing fathoms deep into its leafy shade
Shadowed, trickling o'er us like tender prayer ;
To hear the gentle wind among the leaves and boughs
Softly stirring like a myriad droning wings,
To see it ripple grass and flowerets near,
While pine-cones pop and world of insects sing ;
To hear the lazy gurgling brook run on
Sparkling in sun and deeply cool in shade,
To know it waits for you to come
And pluck its blooms, and calls to you to wade ;
To feel warm winds upon your heated brow
Drowsed by hazy sounds and perfumes sweet,
To know that summer days will come again—
That's cause to kneel at Nature's feet !

‘THE ANCIENT USAGES OF THE CITY OF WINCHESTER’

THERE is preserved in Winchester College a beautifully written copy of these ‘Usages’ dating from the end of the thirteenth century.

Such a record is valuable for the student of municipal institutions, but it has a human interest too in illustrating the circumstances under which a town dweller lived in the middle ages. Not that we expect to find in a collection of legal rules and tariffs the picture of the joys of upper class life or the hardships of a labourer that we get from the poems of the day. That we get far better from a passus of *Piers the Plowman* or from a few lines in Chaucer’s ‘Prologue’; but even the legal Year Books amid the wilderness of litigation on property and succession give us an occasional glimpse of the sufferings of the worker, the danger he is exposed to from the brutality of his neighbours, or the courage of smaller tenants in maintaining their rights against a lord. And similarly the ‘Usages’ tell us something of how the ordinary man lived; what freedom he had in exercising a trade, what protection he had against oppression, what money payments he had to submit to.

A medieval town was in close relation to a lord, and the lord to Winchester was the king. But we must not think of this as of the close connection of a lord with his manor. The powers of the king in the city, whatever their origin, had been defined by custom and by a succession of charters. He drew a revenue from the City, as a landlord, but so much had been alienated to religious bodies and other owners that the ground rents of the crown were drawn from a comparatively small part of the City area, and these rents were extremely lenient, and respect for custom had prevented any increase in the amounts paid by a tenant. The king had also dues from markets, from tolls on goods entering the city, from the custom of the staple, and from the exercise of crafts and trade by the townsmen, and finally from fines and amercements from the city court.

Of the first of them, the rents, the ‘Usages’ say nothing, but they deal in great detail with the tariff on imports and sales. The collection of the royal dues was made by the City through officers of its own election, the Bailiffs, and was used to make up the fee farm which was paid twice a year at the exchequer; it was no longer under an obligation to make its payment through the Sheriff of the County, it had won its independence

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and the name of Sheriff does not occur once in the document ; the name of the Bailiffs is always before us.

So far the king was not a hard master, but he was in a difficult position. With a revenue calculated to meet his personal expenditure, and treated as the revenue of his household, or even more narrowly as that of his wardrobe, he had to bear the cost of a national expenditure in time of war that could not be met solely by the feudal service of his tenants. Hence the irregular tollage to which the citizen was subject and the collection of which is provided for in the 'Usages' (§45). Otherwise the citizen knew what payments could be claimed from him and had security that the claims would not be exceeded. Nor had he cause to feel that the central authority was careless of his interests in other ways. The Bailiffs, who are more directly than the mayor the king's officers, are to do right to all the commonalty' (§5). The price of the chief necessities of life, bread and ale, is controlled by officers of the Royal Household. The assize of bread, that is the number of pounds and ounces of bread that could be bought for a given unit of money, the farthing, was fixed by the mayor, but he was under the supervision of the Marshal of the Household, who visited the city with the Clerk of the Market, held his court there and supervised the prices fixed by local magistrates (§37). Originally having charge of the price of provisions paid by the court the Marshal's office, like that of the wardrobe, had extended beyond the Household and became a national service. Even without his intervention the control of the quality of the provisions the townsman had to buy was an obligation of his local rulers. The usages provide that bread must be white and well-baked and conform to the weight of the assize ; a baker in default is liable, for his third default, to 'le juwise de la vile', punishment in the pillory (§37).

Similarly the townsman was protected against the two dangers that were treated in the middle ages as commercial crimes, regrating and forestalling. The master weavers secured themselves against anything like a 'corner' or buying up of the raw material of their own industry, yarn (§23), and equal care was taken to prevent anything that might prejudice the general public by enhancing the cost of provisions. It was illegal to buy supplies before they entered the city and so reduce the free competition of the markets (§28), to withhold them after once offered for sale in order to get a higher price (§27) or even for a fishmonger or poulterer to buy fish or poultry to retail before the hour of tierce (§26). The housewife should have her chance of direct access to the producer first. There was a spirit in government that enabled the plain men to feel that authority

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acknowledged that care for his welfare was a part of its duty. The king was the fount of justice of course, but his administration also was expected to regard the interest of the subject of the hours of the poor man's work, the conditions of his service, and what he had to spare after paying his rent we learn a little, but it is only a little, from the ‘Usages’. Weaving was the premier trade of the city, and such details as we get refer to the weaver's trade. The weekly wages of a journeyman weaver were eighteenpence a day from All Saints to Lady Day, and two shillings for the rest of the year (§13), and night work being forbidden a weaver worked evidently from daylight to dark for the greater part of the year. His house rent, even at the prices ruling two centuries later, could be covered by two summer weeks' earnings, and the cost of bread, ale and meat compared even with the few pence of his daily earnings was not high, and, remembering that he was ignorant of the existence of luxuries that have since become necessities, we may believe that though his labour was hard if judged by our own standard, the burden of life was not felt to be excessive.

Wages being fixed there was no occasion for mobility of labour, nor was it easy even to get a change of employer. A master was restricted in making engagements with the journeyman of another (§19). There was little hope too of rising from journeyman to master. Unless a lad were the son of a master weaver he could not become an apprentice except by payment of a fee that meant five weeks' earnings (§19), and the whole spirit of the trade regulations was to favour the interests of a limited trade corporation. They shew a fear of competition, an intention to confine privileges to the body that had won them, the Merchant Gild, and a belief in the necessity of retaining unaltered the customs and rules of the industry. It was impossible for a master not to be a member of the gild, for to buy his raw material and sell his products he must be a ‘merchant’, and there are cases in the City court where free-lance tanners are prosecuted for buying hides, acting, that is, as merchants without belonging to the Gild of Merchants (see §31). To set up a booth and employ weavers at it was only possible to these of the franchise (§14), and customary restrictions could not be evaded by causing cloth to be worked outside the City (§9). Some of these restrictions are specified. Night work is prohibited (§20), partly possibly because it is less likely to be good work, but also it is inconsistent with the supervision by neighbours which is necessary to ensure the observance of customary rules. There cannot be much ambiguity about the meaning of the detailed rules for the dimensions of chalcens, or blankets (§§ 17, 18). They fix a specified standard of size.

The same principle is enforced in statutes of a later period, and the City Chamberlain's Rolls, in recording the quantity of cloth exported annually, speak of the 'piece' as being of a recognised uniform size. From the words of the statute of 7 Henry IV which denounces a reduction in dimensions as being 'to the injury and deceit of the commons of the Realm', the standard must have been a means of protecting the consumer. The object is to give him security; he could not in these days carry a foot rule, so the state, or at first the municipality, gives him a guarantee of the size of the cloth he is buying.

The penalties for breaches of the trade custom are exacted in the name of the King and collected by his officers the Bailiffs, and it can hardly be doubted that in the thirteenth century a citizen still felt that it was to the crown that he must look in the long run for protection against the merchant and manufacturer. The observance of the rules is watched by 'jurists' appointed from the craft concerned (§22). The crafts are never spoken of as 'gilds,' always as 'misteries' in the Usages (§§ 20, 21, 22, 59), though elsewhere we have evidence that the weavers and fullers were organized in a gild in the thirteenth century. All that we gather from our present document is that they selected two of their number to see to the observance of an established and well known code of customs. The organisation of the Merchant Gild on the other hand is described with some detail. It was recruited from men in the misteries who had the esteem of their fellows and possessed the property qualifying them to be merchants and conduct a business (§46). It had its regular meetings, and from the term used for holding a meeting, 'to drink the gild' they were not without their social attractions. The section relating to its finance is not free from obscurities, but it is clear that the gild contributed as such to the revenues of the City. Was membership of the gild a convertible term with franchise of the City? In later times it was so, and admission to 'the liberty of the City' or to 'the gild' are expressions used indifferently when a man takes up his freedom. If that were so in the thirteenth century the commons of §5 who had a right to a vote in the 'Burgh-mote of Saint Michael' must have been the ordinary members of the gild as distinguished from the privileged aristocracy of the Twenty-four (§3). We are unwilling to believe that burgage tenants who were not members of the gild, and journeymen did not count as freemen, especially as in the very sentence which declares the duty of the Bailiffs to be to do right to 'tute gent commune' it is said that 'la commune' had the final voice in their election, but we can hardly here enter into the difficult question whether there was a class of freemen consisting of others than gildsmen.

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Of the officers of the City the Mayor comes first. His office is mentioned rarely (§§ 4, 12, 45), whereas the Bailiffs and their work are constantly before us. And the description of their duties is evidence of the distinction in the position of the two offices. The Mayor is ‘principal sustained of the franchise’. He is the representative of the citizens, their spokesman and the champion of their rights, and the freedom which he has to sustain is the collection of privileges and immunities won at considerable cost and embodied in the series of Charters dating from the preceding century. The Bailiffs on the other hand are mere direct representatives of the King’s interest. They sat in the City Court (§22) before the mayoralty was in existence, they had in their hands the police of the markets and the enforcement of the strict market discipline (§§ 23, 27, 40, 41), an invidious duty from which it is not surprising that later citizens paid a large sum for relief: they collected the King’s dues (§48); it was their business to take distress; (§§ 47 and 63, 15) and for all this their reward was five lampreys out of every hundred coming in to the City and an annual pitcher of wine from sellers of herrings. If the Mayor was the peoples’ man the Bailiffs were the king’s officials.

The Coroners (§8) are another pair of officers still more directly representatives of the King’s interest. The limited function of a modern coroner gives little idea of the responsibilities of his medieval predecessor. To ‘keep the pleas of the Crown’ required sleepless vigilance. Every occurrence from which a fine or a fee could come to the crown had to be noted by the Coroner and presented by him at the General Eyre. Sudden or violent death was only one out of many things that they had to report; the escape of an outlaw, the marriage of a young man or maiden in the wardship of the King, a vacancy in a living to which he claimed presentation an irregularity of frankpledge, were all sources of revenue in the King’s Court. The City had the important right of electing its own Coroners and so of keeping in communication with them, and of avoiding the amercements to which a hundred or borough was liable if its list of presentments at the General Eyre shewed a discrepancy from that of the Coroner.

In medieval town constitutions it is common to find an inner group of men with influence and authority which bears various names, Aldermen, most commonly, but also Jurats, Postmen, or other title. There were Aldermen in Winchester (§62, 63, 15) but they were officers in charge of the street-wards of the City with police duties, and with the temporary custody of documents concerning property; ‘Aldermen’ is not the title of a superior class of citizen. This class in Winchester is called the Twenty-

four. They are elected from the 'most trust worthy and were of the City' (§3), and they are under oath of loyalty to King and City. They act as an advisory council to the Mayor (§4), they have the right of choosing the four men from whom the commons select the two bailiffs (§5), their concurrence is necessary in the election of the Mayor (§2); they have the privilege also of taking distraint in case of debt without waiting for the award of the City Court (§47). In later times as the 'brethren' or 'peers' of the Mayor they are the body which practically controls the administration of the City.

The details of duties levied on imports into the City occupy considerable space in the Usages (§§ 29-35, 43-44, 48-58) and naturally reflect its dependence on outside supplies. Food stuffs of course come first, and among them fish plays a larger part than in a modern dietary; salmon appears to be plentiful and comes in by the cart load, the lamprey is a common luxury, and the herring is the salt fish for Lent. Wool, the raw material of the premier industry, and the dyeing materials, woad, madder, corc and potash, used in finishing it, come next. There follows a list of miscellaneous goods subject to duty—carts and harness, tin and lead, scythes and sickles, millstones. Such a tariff with its obvious omissions could not exhaust the wants of citizens and housewives, and it must be remembered that their real opportunity for satisfying their needs was the great September Fair of St. Giles, where the visiting merchant offered goods for sale of every variety from an ape or a ferret to a pair of scissors or a packet of needles. We know, too, from other sources, that dues were levied at the gates on other articles than those specified in the Usages, and this brings us to a feature in the document that deserves some notice. It is evidently not a systematic account drawn up at one time and by a single writer. The arrangement is too haphazard for that. The tariffs on imports are given in three different places, and intermingled with them are sections on the constitution of the Merchant Gild and the market rules for the sale of bread and ale. It has much more the appearance of a compilation gathering together statements of custom on various points that had been formulated at different dates, and as occasion made an authoritative declaration necessary of what was the actual practice. This is confirmed by the many omissions, some of which have been referred to already, but there are others; it is hardly likely that an account of the legal jurisdiction of the City Court that forms the last quarter of the 'Usages' should have not one word on its procedure in criminal cases. Yet such an omission becomes intelligible if the compilers found in existence a code of rules on civil procedure and combined that with other existing

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rules on tariffs, election of offices, the conduct of the weaving industry and other subjects on which it was desirable that authoritative statements of custom should be combined into a single collection. It is possible, too, that though the Mayoralty is treated as an established office, some of the allusions to the Bailiffs' jurisdiction (§ 22, 63, 9) belong to a time when the Mayor was not in existence and the sections containing them were formulated at an earlier date. The section on the procedure of the City Court, which forms the last part of the record, tell us much about the essoiners and other means of delay that made the proceedings of a medieval court so interminable, and of the civil business over which the court held jurisdiction. It ends with an account of the practice of 'statement' by which a landlord could receive his property from a defaulting tenant. He must have an award from the court, and then under the 'view' of the Alderman of the ward place his stake in front of the dwelling. The property is thereby in theory sequestered to the king, and after waiting year and day he can at last recover his own.

The 'Usages' were published by Smirke under the title *Ancient Consuetudinary of the City of Winchester* in the *Archaeological Journal* of 1852 (vol. ix., pp. 69-90). The legal section is printed in different parts of Miss Bateson's *Borough Customs* (Selden Society, 1904, 1906); and a careful examination of the text and a comparison with the two English copies in the city archives was made by Herr. K. W. Engeroff and published at Bonn in 1914. The references in the present paper follow the enumeration of sections in an edition published by myself (Clarendon Press, 1927).

J. S. FURLEY.

OUR Hampshire rivers run swift and clear
When the roads are dusty with drought;
Under the bridge and below the weir
Lie salmon or grayling or trout.
A Hampshire fisherman when he dies
Of Heaven makes one request,
That still he may watch 'the evening rise'
On Avon or Itchen or Test.

S. GURNEY-DIXON.

AN ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL SURVEY OF WESSEX

THE aim of the economic and social survey of Wessex is, by the use of modern statistical and other methods of scientific investigation, to lay bare the facts and tendencies affecting the economic life and social welfare of the Wessex area. Progress in the social sciences in recent years has brought new and improved methods of inquiry, state activity has made more data available, and an increased general appreciation amongst business men, public officials, and social workers of the need for precision and careful analysis of the problems with which they deal has brought a new spirit of willingness without which no adequate survey can be made. The time is opportune for another reason. Events are bringing to the area new hopes of developments, and at the same time, new as well as old problems to be faced. It will be the aim of the survey, not only to satisfy intellectual curiosity—though that in itself has been the urge behind some of the greatest advances of science—but to gather data and reveal tendencies which are of practical importance to business men, social workers and the plain citizen.

For it is not possible for leaders either in government or business to take a hand at shaping its destinies with wisdom, except on the basis of carefully gathered and tested data. It is true, no doubt, that some of them are masters in the art of shrewd guessing, but popular impressions often turn out to be incorrect and in any case modern progress has been made by replacing guess and hazard by precise measurement and careful analysis. For example, a town planner, determining the direction and width of projected new roads, can best do so only if provided with careful analysis of the lines of traffic—its direction, types, and both average and maximum volume. It is for this reason that the Southampton Civic Society recently undertook a fourteen hour traffic census at seventy points within and just outside the Borough. Similarly, it has been too often forgotten by our great towns that a few large central parks are not an adequate provision for their children. Such parks may be admirable for the adults and elder boys and girls, but young children cannot walk more than about a quarter of a mile to a playground, and unless spaces are provided within that distance, play in the streets, with all its limitations on games and its new traffic dangers, is inevitable. A series of circles drawn to represent a quarter of a mile radius from the entrances of existing

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parks will thus leave out areas where the children are unprovided for, and in every great town the need has been shown of supplementing the central parks by a series of scattered playgrounds. These two illustrations, selected from the contents of a *Civic Survey*, which is designed to gather data for assisting town planning and the provision of other public services, are perhaps enough to show the practical value of careful 'surveying'.

Although the results of an economic and social survey are not all of them of such direct and immediate utility, they may nevertheless be of great practical importance. In areas where grave dislocation in economic life had made urgent the searching out of every possibility of easing the strains, and of minimising the economic and social wreckage, this is clear enough. It is not less important in towns of new hopes and potentialities, like Southampton. The attraction of new industries will depend not only on the detailed consideration relevant to the particular product and processes of any contemplated factory, but also on the wider economic environment in which the business must be carried on—the adequacy of the supply of skilled and general labour, the existence of necessary auxiliary industries and services, the business and purchasing habits of its population, the standard of living, power, labour and other costs as compared with rival centres, etc. A survey can throw light on these questions, check and amplify popular impressions and perhaps reveal unsuspected tendencies.

A survey should also be of service to those interested in social questions. The surveys of London by Booth, of York by Rowntree, have had an enduring influence on reformers of all shades of opinion. They revealed an unsuspected mass of poverty and brought to light particular evils. To them can be traced the beginnings of old age pensions, of the decasualisation of dock labour, the reform of sweated trades, and of the appreciation of the problems affecting the labour of boys and girls.

Sometimes popular impressions can be usefully checked. How great is the population of Southampton—for which business and social agencies and traffic facilities have to be provided—likely to be in the near future? Popular expectations are coloured by an exaggeration of the recent growth of the city. Of course, the numbers recorded as residing in the Borough have markedly increased, but much of this is due to a mere enlargement of territory by the pushing out of the Borough boundaries, and not to the true increase of population by the excess of births over deaths, and the addition of newcomers. In fact, in the last three census periods the numbers living in the area at present covered by the Borough increased by 29,000, 22,000 and 17,000 respectively, an increase of numbers indeed, but only at a declining rate. This is true if one takes account only of the areas

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added by the two extensions of boundary, where one would expect the growth to be more continuous, for the increases of these places are 15,000 15,000, and 10,000, again showing a slackening of the pace. And for 1927 the Registrar General actually estimates that the town has not retained in its borders even the full excess of its births over its deaths by some 2,000.

Again, the dependence of Southampton's population for livelihood on a few great principal trades, which by their nature can offer only seasonal or casual employment, is common knowledge, but the extent of this dependence and the absence as compared with other ports of more stable opportunities for work is not always realized. The following figures show, at the last census date, the proportion of every thousand occupied males of twelve years and over who were employed in the trades named, in Southampton, Hull and Cardiff :—

| | Southampton. | Hull. | Cardiff. |
|--------------------------------------|--------------|-------|----------|
| Seamen | 102 | 55 | 80 |
| Docks | 42 | 69 | 38 |
| General Labourers | 76 | 78 | 38 |
| Shipbuilding | 25 | 13 | 8 |
| Boilermakers and Labourers | 26 | 34 | 12 |

All these trades have seasonal or casual characteristics in some degree. The general impression is clear that, despite variations in individual items, Southampton makes distinctly the worst showing. Although the Town has some occupations of a more stable character, one scans the census records in vain to discover any stable opportunities for work at all comparable in size to the counterbalancing employments possessed by Hull and Cardiff. The excessive dependence on variable employments is important, not only to the workers, but to the traders whose goods they consume and the civic authorities who must often aid distress. A complete survey should throw some light on the question of new industries.

These facts open up other interesting questions. Southampton's problem of poverty not only has characteristics common to that of other great towns, but has elements peculiar to itself. What proportion of its population can be truly described as 'below the poverty line'? We are spending large sums on social and other services—what impression are we making on the mass of poverty? Where are we failing? Who escapes the mesh of public and voluntary agencies, and why? These and a hundred other queries arise at once. Scientific inquiries into them

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should provide a fund of tested data for years of social and reconstructive effort.

Work on Southampton has already been commenced, and arrangements are being made for tackling two other centres of population. It is hoped eventually, as resources and equipment increase, that the work will be extended to cover the Wessex area.

One other point is worth mentioning. Work in some part or other of these surveys will constitute an essential part of the training of all the students in the Department of Economics in the University College. They will thus be brought into contact with the raw material of their studies, and will receive a practical training in investigation of a very valuable kind.

I have endeavoured simply to indicate the kind of topic which a survey should include, and the spirit in which it should be conducted. On some of the matters many persons possess a fund of information, but none of us know the whole story, and the full fruits of the knowledge in practical application cannot be reaped unless it is pooled. I hope therefore that this statement, and the article and diagram on housing in Wessex by Mr. Hodgson which follows, will engage the interest and sympathies of that great body of persons without whose co-operation the survey cannot possibly succeed.

P. FORD.

THE TRAMP

by ADRIAN DE FRISTON

FROM spike to spike he dogs the dusty road,
And where the gypsies' embers smoulder, yet
Red in the dawn-lit grass, he sets his broad
Pannikin, breaking fast. The wind and wet
Urge him to lonely inns whose furtive panes
Eye unfrequented miry lanes. His dark
Gaze, as he fares by yolk-elm hedges, gains
Calm garden-close and sanctuaried park,
Seeking for shelter when the ponds are dim
Mirrors of tarnished steel and boughs are bare,
Some kindly stack, the red moon candling him
Ruddily through the misty-curtained air;
And far above his doss the fair stars bend
Swinging for tavern-sign at the road's-end.

ALEX HILL : IN MEMORIAM,

1856-1929

IT is not within my power to give in this place any adequate description of Dr. Hill's total work or any outline of his life. But as I was brought into close contact with him from 1913 to 1919, during his tenure of the Principalship of University College, Southampton, it is, perhaps, not unfitting that I should be allowed to dedicate a few words to his memory. When he came to Southampton at the very end of 1912, he was fifty-six years old. He had been living in retirement for five years, having resigned the Mastership of Downing College, Cambridge, in 1907. His career had been in some ways chosen for him. His intention had been, I believe, to devote his life to medical research. But after his election to a fellowship at Downing in 1880, his time became gradually taken up with lecturing and teaching (mainly on brain anatomy and histology) and with college business. In 1888, when he was only thirty-two, he was elected Master of his College; I imagine he was one of the youngest Masters ever elected at Cambridge. From what he incidentally told me I gather that at that time things were not at all comfortable and easy at Downing; the best of the fellows, however, and not least the great historian, Maitland, were Hill's fast friends, and gave him loyal support. But there were others who caused much trouble. Nevertheless, Dr. Hill worked hard and successfully for the College, and, I believe, did a great deal for it both in the way of putting its finances in a sounder and more flourishing condition and generally. He remained Master for nineteen years. Finally, according to the memoir in *The Times*, written by a Cambridge 'Head', he 'devised a bold and far-reaching scheme for the reconstruction of the constitution of his college; the net result of which would have been to remodel Downing on much the same lines as at Oxford characterize All Souls. The proposal, however, did not commend itself to the majority of the governing body, and in consequence he in 1907 resigned the Mastership'. During the tenure of his office he was Vice Chancellor of the University for the years 1897 and 1898. He had thus acquired a large knowledge of University and College life, and it may be said that some of the best men in the University (such as Dr. Butler, Henry Jackson, Professor Maitland and many others) were his close friends. He was devoted to gardening and 'farming', and when he resigned the Mastership, he, being a man of independent means, retired

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to a small property near Cambridge, where he remained till a call for a further spell of active service came to him from Southampton.

I need not recount in any detail how it was that this call came. Our College was in considerable difficulty. A good deal of money had been collected for the acquisition of the land, and for the erection of the new buildings, at Highfield; internally, however, there was much trouble and dissension. There was a very strong antagonism between the representatives of the Borough Council upon the Council of the College and the Principal. Things at last came to a crisis, and (the autonomy of the College as a University Institution having been vindicated) the Principal resigned. The whole story is ancient history, and would now seem to belong to a wholly different age. (As an example of human misunderstandings, of passions, suspicions, and also of odd negotiations, compromises, arrangements, it would be, perhaps, worth while to tell it, but in relation to the life of the College it has no longer any interest or value). By all these incidents the College was shaken to its very foundations. There was discomfort (to use no stronger word) among staff, students and governing body, and the future and the reputation of the College in the city, and the county and among educational authorities, were gravely imperilled. All depended upon the new Principal. He alone could yet save the situation. But what had we to offer? Difficulties in number, a meagre stipend, a doubtful outlook! It was in these circumstances that Mr. Darwin (Treasurer of the College, a son of Charles Darwin, a fine and cultivated English gentleman of the old school, and a great friend of the College) and I (then Acting President) were told of Dr. Hill. I have described elsewhere how we saw him, and how, after some hesitation, he offered (if he received the call) to undertake the task. He was independent, and to essay an attempt to build up and develop a University institution, and to make it take its right and fitting place among the University institutions of the Kingdom, appealed to him. It seemed to him well worth while. And he felt, I think, that, given average good fortune, he would, quite probably, be able to make the venture a success. Mr. Darwin and I persuaded the Council to give the call, and at the very end of 1912 Dr. Hill was duly elected Principal of our University College.

There followed nineteen arduous and important months from January 1913 till the outbreak of the war. It is not going too far to say that in that short period Dr. Hill changed the whole situation. He brought the College out of storms and troubles into peace and prospects of prosperity. The aspect of the place changed completely. And the tone changed: a more truly University spirit began to appear. Confidence grew; sus-

pitions disappeared. Feelings of hope inspired us. The relations between Council and Principal became pleasant and easy. Because he was entirely trusted, the new head was soon able to assume a position of authority. In all respects the College began, as the phrase goes, to 'look up'. It was, indeed, only the beginning, but it was a fair and hopeful beginning. Our Principal could take his due place, even on his mere past, with the heads of all the other Universities and University Colleges. He had been Master of a Cambridge College and Vice Chancellor of Cambridge University. And *his* reputation helped to pull up *ours*.

But his record would not have been adequate to do the trick without his personality and his actions. He knew how to conciliate; he won hearts. He was sagacious; he was kind; he had insight; he was industrious. He was also sweet-tempered, and he had, as *The Times* memoir rightly said, 'a courteous and winning manner'. He laid his plans with care and thought: there seemed plenty of time. He was very generous. Highfield Hall, a derelict hotel, was acquired by him at his own expense and risk for the benefit of the College, and his intention was to make a commencement of a more collegiate life for our men students by a certain number of them living there together with himself and a few other members of the staff. It was just beginning to function when all prospects were clouded, and all conditions were changed, by the outbreak of the war. Almost all our men students disappeared, the new buildings were offered to, and accepted by, the War Office as a general hospital; the hostel was also turned into a special hospital, under the Red Cross, for officers. Dr. Hill's plans and schemes for the development of the College were thus violently interrupted. He himself, in addition to looking after, and helping forward, what remained of the College, took upon his shoulders a large amount of extra war work, and putting his medical knowledge at the free disposal of the authorities, he was constantly in and out of the hostel-hospital, and also made many voyages in hospital ships across the channel, caring for, and in charge of, wounded soldiers on their way from France to Southampton.

So those solemn four years passed. Meanwhile, in his first year at Southampton, another educational institution had been founded, with which Dr. Hill had been closely connected as Secretary from its inception. That was the Universities Bureau of the British Empire. During 1913, and during the war, he was able to look after both the Bureau and the College. Neither interfered with the other, and the Bureau needed only occasional visits to London, and during those visits College business was often transacted at the same time. But with the end of the war the

ALEX HILL: IN MEMORIAM, 1856-1929

Bureau took a fresh start and developed considerably. The College, too, began to grow. And it soon became evident that it would be no longer possible for one man to control both institutions. To our deep regret Dr. Hill felt it his duty to choose the Bureau, and so, in October 1919, he resigned the Principalship. Before he left us he had successfully arranged for the acquisition by the College, at a comparatively small cost, of the many army 'huts' which had been erected on the College land at Highfield, as supplementary buildings to the hospital. These 'huts' have been, and still are, as we all know, of enormous value to the College. We shall gradually outgrow them, and obtain permanent edifices in their place. But what we should have done without them I cannot imagine. By Dr. Hill's skilful negotiations they were recognized as 'semi-permanent' structures, and were converted into laboratories, refectories, etc., with no great outlay from our poorly filled purse. The new buildings themselves were never used as a College before the war. They were opened by Lord Haldane, then Lord Chancellor, only a few weeks before August 4th, 1914. The College had to continue in its old home in the High Street. Council received with deep regret, and, indeed, I might say with consternation, the announcement of Dr. Hill's resignation. He was at once elected Vice President, for there happened to be a vacancy. We were all terribly apprehensive of what would follow. But largely, I think, because of the better position in the academic world which Dr. Hill's administration had given to the College, we were enabled to find a worthy successor in Mr. Thomas Loveday, and then, when that successor in his turn resigned, because of his appointment to a larger sphere of work (as Vice Chancellor of Bristol University), to obtain, in 1922, a splendid success by the election of Mr. Kenneth Vickers, who has guided the College onward, and developed it in all sorts of ways, with such indefatigable energy, courage and sagacity, for the last seven years. But I doubt whether we should ever have got Loveday and Vickers had we not first had Hill.

As to his character something has already been said. He would have hated a long and studied eulogy, and I must restrict myself to a very few extra words. Strict towards himself, he was generous to others. There was about him a certain combination of kindness and simplicity, which was peculiarly attractive. He was something of a Spartan and something of a Socrates. *The Times* memoir mentions how 'he studiously reduced his personal expenditure' during the war,—how, for example, 'he delighted to limit his breakfast to a dish of beetroot or other vegetables of his own growing'. All this was in accordance with a certain austerity

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in his manner of life which was very noticeable. Like Socrates he seemed impervious to heat and cold. His personal needs were very few. He could do without much which many of us find essential. In his private life he had, in later years, to face heavy trials, but he was rewarded by the abounding love which he gave and which he received. For both were to him blessing and joy. Of this sacred side of his life it would be, however, unfitting to say another word. Hill was, moreover, a reserved man: I knew him fairly well, and was greatly attached to him; I, as lay and figure head, and he, as real and academic head, of the College, saw naturally a good deal of one another. He was most kind and generous towards me, often wanting to give me credit for ideas of which he was himself the father. (Sometimes, I admit, this may have been due to policy!) But he did not often speak to me of his past experiences, and very seldom indeed of his opinions upon the graver issues of life and of death. Of his religious beliefs I am entirely ignorant. But I have the firm conviction that beneath, as it were, and sustaining, his wisdom, his courtesy, his kindness of heart, and his generosity of appreciation of the merits of others, there was as white and pure a soul as ever habited a mortal body.

For his friendship I shall remain always grateful, and for his services to our University College, Southampton, at a most critical period of its career, we must ever be under deepest obligation.

C. G. MONTEFIORE.

THE CAPTIVE ANGEL

EARTH'S misty precincts and dim cloisters hold
A Presence that from alien lineage springs,—
Against the sunset beating shadowy wings,
Covering her feathers with its dusty gold,
Trembling when suddenly the belfry old
Its throbbing music to the twilight flings,
And when the night its starry comfort brings
In lonely breezes sighing unconsol'd.
On her wan face dawn's flickering lights reveal
Tears that from quivering lids in silence flow,
But when the storms their cloudy bellows blow
And through their organ pipes the great winds steal,
She leans her breast against the ivory keys
Till tumult fills Heaven's echoing galleries.

S. GURNEY-DIXON.

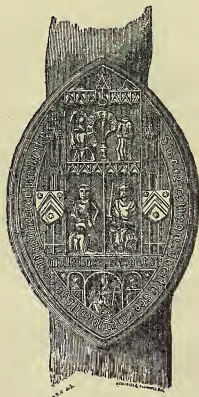
THE STATUTES OF WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM was a Hampshire man. Born at Wickham in 1324 and dying at Bishop's Waltham in 1404, for nearly half his life he was Bishop of Winchester. He has an honourable place in English history, secular and ecclesiastical; he was the sole and munificent founder of colleges at Oxford and Winchester; his Chantry in Winchester Cathedral contains his tomb on which rests his figure in 'dull, cold marble'. One autograph letter remains; a few books which belonged to him have survived: his crozier is treasured at New College, Oxford.

But, to 'a mind not trivially disposed', there is another source from which some information may be derived as to the character and aspirations which marked the man. Of him it may be said that in his Statutes 'Exegit monumentum aere perennius', for, in what they enjoin and in what they forbid, they not only throw light on the habits of the fourteenth century, but also enable us to catch some glimpses of the ideals in the mind of Wykeham, when he founded Winchester College to feed New College with a supply of boys destined to become educated (secular) clerks.

On September 11, 1400, the final edition of the Winchester Statutes containing 46 clauses ('rubrics') was delivered to the society: this copy with the founder's seal, blue and red capitals and illuminated headings, is still preserved in the muniment room. The total cost of vellum, writing and binding, was 16s. 8d. At the conclusion will be found the following: 'Ad relevacionem pauperum scholarium clericorum in scolis degencium oculos nostre mentis interiores inflexibiliter configimus, sub spe firma quod viri litterati Deum habentes pro oculis ac Eius voluntatem in regulis, ordinacionibus, et statutis observandis lucidius pre aliis intuentes . . . statuta nostra strictius observabunt.' It may be urged that by lapse of time and changes of thought these Statutes, written in the somewhat turgid style of ecclesiastical Latin, have become obsolete, in spite of Wykeham's conviction that they would be loyally observed by all succeeding generations.

It is true that the Warden and Fellows still remain, but they are no longer resident: there are still 70 Scholars, but to them are now added nearly 400 Commoners in 10 boarding-houses; round Wykeham's Chamber Court, which still retains its pristine severity and the charm of a home long



THE SEAL OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE
AND THE FOUNDER'S CROZIER

THE STATUTES OF WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM

lived in and loved, have grown up a variety of buildings in stone and brick to meet the needs of later centuries. It must be admitted that Rubric XLV has been violated; by it women are excluded from the precincts; even the washing of vestments and table-linen is to be done by a man, and it is only 'in defectu lotoris masculi' that a 'lotrix' is to be tolerated. There is no need now to warn the Fellows that they may not keep dogs, hawks or ferrets or have nets, or perform military exercises, or play any game or shoot or throw anything within the buildings: there is little risk now of their incurring censure by growing long hair or a beard, or wearing shoes with peaks, or a sword, or a dagger, or frequenting taverns or shows: there is no dangerous temptation to them to indulge in the fashion of appearing in red or green shoes. In these days they are at liberty to attend prayer-meetings (conventiculae) and even to listen to sermons by unauthorized persons: they are no longer fined 2*d.* for absenting themselves from matins or vespers, nor 1*d.* for absence from other services.

We may trust the scholars are still 'bonis moribus ac condicionibus perornati, ad studium habiles, et conversacione honesti', but we have never heard of a scholar being removed because he had entered a religious order or married (Rubric XXIV). The scholars still wear long gowns ('robae talares'); but, in spite of the order that the cloth is not to be white, black, russet, or butcher's blue, their gowns are described as 'Cimmerian' in the seventeenth century and have remained of that colour ever since.

As to the words applied to the scholars, 'pauperes et indigentes', a somewhat acrid controversy arose some time back in a local paper; it was averred that the 'poorer poor' had been robbed of the benefits which Wykeham intended to confer on them, because they had been ousted by the 'poorer rich'. A temperate examination of this question will be found in Mr. A. K. Cook's *About Winchester College* [pp. 104, 105 and Appendix V].

It is true then that 'the old order changeth, yielding place to new' in the course of five centuries, but when we look below the actual letter of the Statutes and realize the spirit that has informed them and kept them alive, three fundamental principles emerge on which Wykeham built his College.

I. In Rubric II he makes it plain that his College is to be not merely a local school, but a national institution. No doubt preference is given to 'Founders' Kin' and to the diocese of Winchester, but as the area gradually widens, we come to these important words, 'postea de aliis partibus

quibuscunque regni Anglie existentes'. Thus in the very first list of scholars, Edmund Hutton comes from Salop, John Moordon from Ely Diocese, Richard Holne and Richard Stamford both came from Northamptonshire; Calais sends two scholars in the sixteenth century and two come from New York in the eighteenth. Thus the foresight of the Founder continues to bear fruit: in the twentieth century all natural-born British subjects are eligible.

II. The second principle of far-reaching importance is to be found in its germ in the famous Rubric XXXIV:—'We determine, ordain and will . . . that in each of the lower (i.e. the scholars') chambers there shall be at least three scholars of good character and more advanced than the others in age, discretion and knowledge to superintend the studies of their chamber-fellows, to act as their diligent overseers'.

This ordinance appointing three seniors in each chamber to help the younger scholars in their studies, to maintain discipline and serve as *liaison* officers between the boys and the Warden and Headmaster (Magister Informator) was destined, as time went on, to exercise a profound and widespread influence at Winchester; under various names (Prefects, Prepositors, Monitors, Moderators) such boys were vested with an authority which, wisely used, became an essential characteristic of English Public Schools. There is no need to labour the point in these days; it is sufficient to contrast the system of *espionage* under which boys in many foreign schools are brought up.

III. Lastly, the concluding sentence of the Statutes contains the farewell of the Founder to the society from which he was soon to part. 'His igitur sic per Dei gratiam salubriter ordinatis dicti Collegii nostri custodi et sociis et scholaribus ac omnibus aliis commorantibus in eodem juxta commendationem Christi, tanquam eius discipulis, divinum obsequium commendamus, pacisque et unitatis fedus et perfecte vinculum charitatis. Amen'.

It was not enough to bequeath them his motto, 'Mores componunt hominem', 'Manners makyth man', nor to leave them beautiful buildings, nor to enjoin distinct and precise rules; if the society was to live and grow, and, while adapting itself to changing conditions, was to rise to the Founder's ideal, the members of that society must listen to the words of another great Hampshire man:—'The glory of God, the love of the brotherhood, loyalty to the one body, the love of each individual; this was the great spirit which was to make his machinery living'.

Thus Wykeham 'opus feliciter consummavit'.

H. J. HARDY.

FROM DANTE TO MUSSOLINI

LIBERTÀ va cercando'. So Virgil, Dante's guide through Hell and Purgatory, sums up the ultimate goal of the pilgrimage allegorized in the *Divine Comedy*, and points to the essential nature of the poem as the dramatic chronicle of a great human experience, as the story of a man's pilgrimage in search of spiritual liberty. And herein lies the special appeal of the poem. We admire it for its grandeur of conception, its philosophy, its evidences of profound thought and profound learning, but above all it appeals as a living drama of a living soul. Behind the allegory we see the journey of a real man seeking the path to that higher moral and intellectual freedom which can come only with a realization of the eternal verities.

The liberty which Dante seeks is therefore primarily spiritual liberty, the drama is essentially the drama of a soul which through many trials is at length purified and strengthened. And this finds supreme expression in the *Paradiso*. There Virgil, the symbol of human virtue and wisdom, is replaced as guide by Beatrice, who to Dante is 'the youngest of the angels', the personification of that divine love which alone can purge the soul from earthly passions. As Dante says to Beatrice 'Thou has drawn me out of slavery into freedom . . . thou hast given health to my soul'.

But though liberty of the soul was the main quest of Dante, a liberty which he found through love, and which turned the tragedy of his physical life into a *Divine Comedy* of spiritual attainment, yet there is a very clear political background to the poem, and the liberty he sought had a content which was social and national as well as spiritual. Throughout the allegory there is implicit the assumption, which he explicitly expands in the *De Monarchia*, that spiritual liberty needs an environment of social and political liberty, that moral and intellectual growth is almost inevitably stunted in an atmosphere of tyranny. And here he is arguing from his own unhappy experiences of the Italy of his age. When he says in the *Purgatorio* that tyranny is the worst enemy of liberty, he is voicing his own personal knowledge of a country almost entirely lacking in social unity and peace, a country torn by the tyranny of faction, and by the tyranny of foreign domination. He had been driven from his native city by such tyranny, and in exile the liberty he sought was always related to an intense patriotic desire for social and political unity and national independence. And it is this wide conception of liberty which supplied

the inspiration to later Italian patriots. Dante made many direct contributions to the growth of Italian nationality. In the *Divine Comedy* he gave Italy that unifying force of a common language which he sought in *De Vulgari Eloquentia*. He also first definitely visualized Italy as no mere annexe to Rome but as a fatherland to be loved. He even foresaw her ultimate boundaries as including Italia irredenta, the Trentino and the Trieste peninsula. But above all Dante bequeathed to Italy the ideal of Liberty, the ideal of a country united in freedom from internal dissension and from foreign domination, and it is this ideal which, consciously or unconsciously, has inspired later Italian patriots. 'Libertà va cercando' was quoted by Mazzini at the Risorgimento, and Dante's conception of liberty would appear to be the ideal of the present Fascist movement, the first really national movement of a united Italy.

For what are the bases of Fascism? Partly it is based on special circumstances in Italy, but also partly and more fundamentally on ideals of universal application. The special circumstances which gave rise to Fascism were not unlike those which obtained in Dante's age. As in 1301 so in 1922 Italy was conspicuously lacking in the liberty which can exist only in a united society realizing itself in a strong State. Italy in 1922 had an impotent government which looked on as little more than a spectator while the country was torn by social and economic conflicts, and was being more and more disintegrated by anti-national communism. In opposition to this threatened anarchy there sprung up two movements which eventually converged to produce Fascism. There was a Nationalist movement, based on a desire to gain for Italy a fit reward for her sacrifices in the war, and therefore based on a desire to make her a strong united nation in opposition to the Bolsheviks who wished to tear her asunder in a 'red' revolution at the dictation of Russia. There was also a Syndicalist movement, which aimed at eliminating the disintegrating class warfare, and at uniting *all* Italians for national ends. Under the robust leadership of Mussolini these movements combined to produce Fascism, the strength of which lies not merely in its enlightened if autocratic leader, and in the youthful enthusiasm of his followers, but in its ideals. These ideals may be summed up in the words patriotism and discipline. And by discipline is meant not merely the military trappings and organization of the 'black shirts', but the spirit of willingness to serve—that spirit which is the very antithesis to selfish individualism and factiousness. In other words the ideal of Fascism is Socialism, in the highest and truest sense of that misused term, for it upholds the lofty ethic of mutual self-sacrifice for the sake of the State.

FROM DANTE TO MUSSOLINI

And it is here that Fascist ideals become of universal application and are parallel with the ideals of Dante. In the *De Monarchia* there are many ideas which seem foreign to modern thought, ideas of a writer whose thought was coloured by medieval conceptions, and especially by a passionate admiration for the Roman Empire and its medieval successor. But stripped of its medieval dress Dante's political theory is not dissimilar to that of the modern Fascist. To him, as to Aristotle, true Liberty can obtain only where there is common obedience to good laws voiced and sanctioned by some high and undisputed authority. Liberty as between nations can therefore be secured only through some impartial international authority which Dante in medieval terms defines as an Emperor but which in modern days may be defined as a League of Nations. And Liberty within a nation can be ensured only if the individual will is subordinated to the collective will as expressed in the State. This is the root concept of Fascism. The State is conceived of as something more than a mere aggregation of individuals. It is conceived of as an organism, as a personality with its own ends and values. The aim of such a State should be not to suppress the individual but to teach the individual that the highest form of self-realization can be reached only in relation to the higher personality of the State.

May we not believe that Dante would have approved this ethical concept of the State, and would have supported an Italian like Mussolini who aimed at ending faction by uniting all classes in moral support of a strong Italian State. May we not believe that Dante would have said of such a leader as he makes Virgil say of himself—'Libertà va cercando'.

E. S. LYTTTEL.



ADULT EDUCATION IN WESSEX

WHAT portion of England more than that lying between Portsmouth and Poole, between Chichester and Dorchester, between Basingstoke and St. Catherine's Point in the Isle of Wight is more deeply and characteristically English? New industries and ancient crafts combine as a living chain of history. The Army, the Navy and the Air Force have large centres of influence. The Empire has retired here, bringing back strange knowledge from far corners of the earth. Schools as ancient as Winchester and modern as Canford or Bedales have their homes. Cricket was first played here at Hambledon, where a most flourishing educational centre is in the making. Brotherhoods abound in every centre of population, and a Womens' Institute in nearly every village. Agriculture is the largest single industry, as varied as the rich diversity of soil. Shipping grows every day with the steady growth of Southampton Docks. Cobbett carried his message through these villages, Hardy immortalised the West, while a score of moderns have sung the praise of Sussex.

The ancient town of Southampton, both geographically and functionally, is the natural and radiating centre, East and West, North into Hampshire and South across the waters. Contacts with innumerable organisations and people are being made by the band of men and women who comprise the College Staff. These contacts are the stuff and meaning of Adult Education.

From the mental stirring of the single address to the disciplined study of a three year's Tutorial, there is catering for almost every need. Largely due to pioneer work of the Workers' Educational Association there are today some six hundred adult students of varying attainment scattered in villages and towns through the area.

It is noticeable that the subject-matter of classes tends to be either English Literature or Economics and Industrial History. There is a tradition of teaching behind these subjects and if fresh ground is to be broken, pioneer methods will be needed. However, such subjects as Psychology, Hygiene and Health, Plato's Republic and Town Planning have each made a sustained appeal to different groups. There is always present the danger of a divorce between the academic world and the great masses outside. One of the most interesting attempts to bridge that gap

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has been a series of classes run by the Economics and Geography Departments in conjunction with the Southern Railway. The science and economics of transportation have a peculiar appeal to such an area.

The countryside is a more difficult matter, perhaps too difficult for the predominantly urban mind to understand. The willing co-operation of the Chairman of the Farmers' Union has been a stimulus to the College, while a few speakers have discovered the secret of undermining a village audience. But we are still groping. Perhaps only by way of an Agricultural Department, with a Domestic Science side also, can an easier path be found into the rural centres. The small country town, according to the writer's experience, has the richest human material in England. It is both a reflection on our intelligence and a national tragedy that the facilities for education are only now reaching such places as Andover, Romsey, Whitchurch, Stockbridge, Alresford, Alton and Farnham. As the new University student comes to College from the re-painted and modernised Grammar School, the influence of University education is flowing back to the homes. Groups of parents gather at the Secondary Schools. Again for teachers in the village schools courses in Biology, Geography and Physical Training have been arranged in Hampshire, Dorset and the Isle of Wight. Weekend and summer schools are held periodically at different centres. All this is to the good and represents a living educational movement.

But as Mr. Zimmern has pointed out in a recent and brilliant book,¹ it is not enough. Excepting seamen and the true working class, he notes increasing signs of an unreality and a consequent sense of weakness and embarrassment among the English people. He pleads for self-knowledge, a change of mind, a consciousness of our own disorder. 'The life of the spirit is a seamless garment, not a miscellaneous patchwork composed of Sunday services and week-night Committees, of sermons and lectures and evening classes, spiced with a dash of modern "advanced" sociology and fiction'.

What then of the future? We need to expand our activities, widen our sympathies and come closer to the life in whose midst we are thrown. As a cultural centre for the immediate neighbourhood the College stands high. Perhaps a greater unity of knowledge within the walls would assist in integrating the puzzles and conflicts that lie outside and give a vitalising touch to all the work. It is to be hoped that less attention will be paid to programmes and regulations, that public authorities and private

¹ 'The Prospects of Democracy',—chapter ii., *England after the War*.

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individuals will supply the meagre but necessary finance, but that most attention will be paid to rigorous criticism of method, content and teaching, that the personal links of tutor and scholar will be more fairly secured in the stern and fascinating pursuit of Truth, and above all, that in complete humility we lay our minds open to give and to receive.

K. M. LINDSAY.

HYMN TO DIANA

(*After Catullus*)

by J. B. LEISHMAN

YOUTHs and maidens, let us haste !
We are Dian's servants chaste ;
Let her holy turf be paced, ¹¹¹
Fresh flowers flinging.
Latona's daughter fair and free
(Whom she bore, great Jove, to thee
By the Delian olive-tree)—
Hear now our singing !

Lady of the laughing woods,
And the silent solitudes,
And the roaring mountain floods
With fury swelling :
Guider of the rolling year,
Ordering the seasons here,
Filling still with plenteous cheer
The farmer's dwelling :

Goddess of the rushing air,
And the flying unbound hair—
Wild delights ! where brooding care
Can follow never :
Guard thou in the dewy brake,
At the wedding or the wake,
In Thyself-reflecting lake,
Thy servants ever !

SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWNS

(A Paper read to the Southampton Branch of the English Association)

THERE are advantages in a short title, and mine exceeds the shortest possible only by one word; but two words can say very little, and I shall therefore begin by offering a brief explanatory statement of the nature and scope of my subject, as also of my point of view.

My paper then will treat of what we now call (though the term was also in use in the time of Elizabeth) the low comedy characters in Shakespeare; people who in the stage-directions and prefixes of the old copies are specifically styled 'clowns', as, for example, 'Enter Iew, and his man that was the Clowne'; or, in the familiar passage in *Hamlet*, 'Let those who play your Clownes speake no more then is set down for them'.

The Clowns' parts accordingly are such as might have been assigned to William Kempe or Richard Cowley, parts such as Dogbery and Verges, which we know these two played, the amateur tragi-comedians of Athens in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the village group who presented the Nine Worthies in *Love's Labour's Lost*, the succession of Court and Domestic Fools, and a miscellaneous crowd of serving-men, citizens and other common people, introduced, amongst more important purposes, to provide 'comic relief'.

My particular point of view is simply that of the ordinary person 'sitting at the play', an unimportant individual whose voice is heard only faintly, if at all, in the discussion of dramatic topics, but to whom, after all, playwrights, players and producers first of all make their appeal, and to whom Shakespeare himself, at least in eighteen out of his thirty-seven plays—those, I mean, which were acted, but not given to the reading public, during the poet's life-time—addressed his only appeal. And, indeed, there is some advantage, even to the professed student, in considering at times this unobtrusive personage. At any rate, some barren controversies and futile speculations would have been saved had the disputants given a thought to the playgoer, and asked themselves how this or that view or theory, confidently advanced, stood in relation to *him*. For when character in Shakespearian creations, or action or situation affecting character, is under discussion, one, if not the first, question to be asked is just this: What impression did the poet intend his audience to

receive? This question can seldom be irrelevant, and the answer to it may sometimes be decisive.

I propose therefore to approach the comic creations of Shakespeare with the question, What sort of intellectual or emotional contact did Shakespeare mean to establish with his audience when his clowns are on the stage? And I shall answer, first of all, that he did not desire his comic creations to be accepted merely as figures of fun. I would not lay myself open to the charge of maintaining a paradox; of insisting that the distinguishing feature of Shakespeare's clowns is that they are not clowns. The poet undoubtedly wished his clowns to 'make those laugh whose lungs are tickle a' the sere'. Comic relief, both in the narrow and in the wider sense, was part of the design; but it was not by any means the whole of it. The clowns in Shakespeare have their importance in relation to the main action of the play, and to the other characters, and in this provide perhaps a touchstone whereby to distinguish Shakespeare's conception of low comedy from the practice of the stage as he found it. Shakespeare's clowns possess also a personal and individual significance which makes them interesting on their own account; and if I insist on the humanity—the kindly humanity, for the most part—with which Shakespeare is wont to endow even the humblest and most absurd of his creatures, the insistence may be platitudinous, but not wholly superfluous.

It is, or ought to be, in the theatre that character in Shakespeare most luminously reveals itself; but in the practice of the modern stage—so far as my limited experience goes—the personal and human side of Shakespeare's comic people is more often than not, obscured and obliterated by the ambition of the actor to get a laugh. Extravagantly grotesque make-up, comic 'business', handed down, I imagine, from one theatrical generation to another, but wholly unwarranted by the text, out of the character, and often so puerile that it would disgrace a pantomime—by such means do players and producers make the purpose of Shakespeare of none effect through their traditions. Some of these tricks, I surmise, are consecrated by no venerable antiquity; but traditions of the kind are not of yesterday, and the warning against unlicensed clowning which concludes Hamlet's advice to the players, witnesses, I do not doubt, to indignities which the poet himself had suffered at the Theatre, the Curtain and the Globe.

Curiously enough, in the theatre of to-day, Shakespeare alone seems to be subject to this maltreatment. Modern playwrights may create characters at once lovable and absurd, and find players able and willing to interpret the characters faithfully; but the traditions (I can think of no other

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cause) bar Shakespeare's right to the same indulgence. Nor have scholars and literary critics stepped into the breach as one might expect them to do. They still seem too ready to regard the poet's humorous creations mainly as laughter-provoking.

There are, of course, exceptions. To Dr. Boas, I believe, belongs the credit of correcting, a number of years ago, the strange error into which Coleridge fell when he declared that any city-watchman less ingeniously absurd than Dogberry and Verges would have served the plot of *Much Ado about Nothing* equally well.

Then there was Carlyle, who in the once famous lecture on Dante and Shakespeare, had something pleasant to say of the same preposterous 'Presidents of the city-watch'. But that was nearly a century back, and Carlyle, I gather, is in these days little esteemed, and perhaps, in very superior circles, is scarcely read at all. Nevertheless the passage is so much to my present purpose that I make no apology for reading it. Carlyle has been speaking of Shakespeare's tragic figures, 'so many suffering heroic hearts', and he goes on to speak of the quality of Shakespeare's mirthfulness, of 'his genuine overflowing love of laughter. . . . And then [he says] if not always the finest, it is always a genial laughter. Not at mere weakness, at misery or poverty; never. No man who *can* laugh, what we call laughing, will laugh at these things. . . . Laughter means sympathy; good laughter is not "the crackling of thorns under a pot". Even at stupidity and pretension this Shakespeare does not laugh otherwise than genially. Dogberry and Verges tickle our very hearts; and we dismiss them covered with explosions of laughter; but we like the poor fellows only the better for our laughing; and hope they will get on well there, and continue Presidents of the City-watch. Such laughter, like sunshine on the deep sea, is very beautiful to me'.

Taking then my cue from Carlyle, and dwelling rather on the human side of the picture, the side of sympathy which, Carlyle tells us, is an inseparable attribute of true humour, I proceed to pass the clowns and clownish personages in Shakespeare in rapid review. I shall begin with the comic creations in the earliest plays: not that, in this matter, chronological order has any special significance, as illustrating the growth of Shakespeare's art or stagecraft, or of any change in his attitude towards art and life. The degree of excellence shown in Shakespearian comedy, of the kind we are considering, seems to depend much less on the stages of such development than on opportunities offered by the theme and nature of the play on which he happened to be engaged, and sometimes even on hints supplied by his sources.

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In *The First Part of Henry VI* there is small occasion for relief of a comic kind. An opportunity which a lesser playwright of the time might have seized, but which Shakespeare ignored, occurs in a scene in the last act which introduces Joan's rustic father. Shakespeare treated this scene, at its beginning, with simple pathos, and ends it in pure tragedy.

The only scene in the first part of the Lancastrian trilogy which contains a trace of low comedy is that in which the serving-men of Gloster and Beaufort '*Enter in skirmish with bloody pates*'. The comic matter in this scene is slight, but the introduction of these partly clownish serving-men as sharing in the dissensions which are to destroy their country's peace, helps us, as prelude of what is to come, to a realisation of Shakespeare's conception of historic and tragic drama, as requiring a background against which the actions and fortunes of individuals attain a fuller significance by being shown in relation to larger and more complex issues. To this service, when occasion permits, comedy in Shakespeare's historical plays, and not only in these, is deliberately pressed, and the importance attached to the background, or social setting, serves to distinguish Shakespeare's work in this kind from that of preceding and contemporary dramatists; lends, for example, a certain weight to so immature a piece as the *First Part of Henry VI* which is lacking, let us say, in Peele's *Edward I* and even in Marlowe's much greater drama of the second Edward.

The scene just mentioned has importance only as an early example. In itself it is trifling. In the next play, *The Second Part of Henry VI*, the interdependence of the groups, classes and interests within the social body is made abundantly clear; and in this play really great comedy makes in Shakespeare, its first appearance. I refer, of course, to the Jack Cade scenes.

These scenes have all the marks of Shakespeare's craftsmanship. They fit with complete propriety into the general design. The proletarian revolt is not only the counterpart of the dissensions and selfish intrigues in high places, permitted and encouraged by weak and ineffectual government; it was, it will be remembered, directly instigated by Richard Duke of York, to serve his own ambitious ends. Moreover the whole grimly humorous picture, of the futile wickedness and absurdity of lawlessness let loose, illustrates the fixed principles in regard to the social and political order which, as Professor Chambers has so admirably demonstrated, distinguish Shakespeare's work throughout. There is again the note of individualisation. Dick the Butcher, for example, a very minor character, is a distinct personality; not a moralist's lay-figure or a conventional

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stage-type. And there is finally the note of humanity; the redeeming touch, every now and again, which finds some soul of goodness in things contemptible and vile. Cade is an impudent impostor and a very brutal ruffian, but he has some few good points. He possesses real wit in abundance, and is not without a certain perversely genial humour. He is not wholly insensible to pity, and would spare the Clerk of Chatham, 'a proper man', were it not for the damning confession that the poor fellow can sign his own name. Lord Say's eloquently pathetic pleading stirs in Cade some compunction, suppressed only by the thought that a man who can speak so well must have a familiar under his tongue, and therefore deserves to die. And there is no doubt about his courage; he is terrifically brave; and Shakespeare, who had no sympathy for demagogues and disturbers of the peace, invests the closing scene of this arch-type of what he detested with a certain grandeur; with something even of pathos:

'Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place for all that do dwell in this house, because the vnconquerable soule of Cade is fled. . . . *Idem* farewell, and be proud of thy victory: and exhort all the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer fear'd any, am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour'.

Cade is a part made for a comedian, but the actor who should clown it would merit little applause.

About the same time, or soon after it, in which Shakespeare was engaged in the composition of these Lancastrian-Yorkist tragedies, he found relief—whether imposed on him, or voluntarily sought, we cannot say—in the making of a pleasantly light comedy. *The Comedy of Errors* comes near to being, and had Shakespeare closely followed the treatment of his source, instead of merely taking the suggestion for a plot from it, would have been altogether a pure comedy of the Roman type. Shakespeare however, in his incorrigible way, gave his version of the classic farce a Romantic setting, and, though no one would rank the *Errors* otherwise than amongst the poet's minor works, made of it, as it strikes me on a re-reading, a singularly fresh and delightful entertainment.

The Clowns in the *Errors*, the two Dromios, are Shakespeare's invention, owing nothing to Plautus. They betray, it is true, some of the features of the traditional clown of the older drama, down to the limping doggerel which is occasionally the vehicle of their, at times, arid wit. Still they are by no means merely grotesques. They form an integral part of the action, and the circumstance of their birth brings them into very human relationship with the chief characters of the Comedy, their masters and their masters' long separated but romantically reunited parents. They are, it must be confessed, abused and beaten by their

masters with unmerciful force and frequency. Such violent horseplay doubtless tickled the groundlings, and not only the groundlings; and there is a good deal of it in Shakespeare's early plays; in *The Taming of the Shrew*, for example; but I do not think Shakespeare liked it very much; and in later plays he reserved discipline of the kind, not for comic but otherwise worthy serving-men, but for such ignoble wretches as Parolles in *All's Well* and Oswald in *Lear*. When Petruchio in *The Shrew* belabours the faithful Grumio because of his failure to knock him at the door and rap him well, Hortensio intervenes on behalf of his 'old friend' (a true Shakespearian touch), and in the *Errors* there is a certain pathos, which compels sympathy, in the Ephesian Dromio's remonstrance:

'I haue serued him from the hour of my Natiuitie to this instant, and haue nothing at his hands for my seruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with it when I sit, driuen out of doores with it when I go from home, welcom'd with it when I returne, nay I beare it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat: and I think when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with it from doore to doore'.

The Dromios end the play, and end it on a very kindly note:

S.D. Wee'l draw cuts for the Signior, till then, lead thou first.

E.D. Nay then thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother,

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

I shall shortly have something to say of clowns and clownish characters who appear in comedies less immature than the *Errors*; but I find it convenient to turn at this point to the early tragedies, not strictly historical; or rather to one early tragedy, for I shall not, I expect, be greatly blamed if I pass over without comment the Tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*. There, is, to be sure, a 'clown' in this play, but a clown merely in the sense that he is a simple fellow. He serves no legitimate comic purpose.

In *Romeo and Juliet* there is a good deal of comedy. Indeed, on the surface, the earlier part of the play has in some ways the movement and spirit of a Romantic drama making for a happy ending, rather than of a tragedy. The opening scene is—again on the surface—a scene of comedy, and the treatment is repeated, with the same dramatic purpose, in a middle-period, and again in quite a late tragedy, viz. in *Julius Caesar* and *Coriolanus*. In these three plays the noise and turbulence of the opening scene, with the pervading atmosphere of broad comedy, supplied in *Romeo and Juliet* by the Capulet and Montagu serving-men, and in the later tragedies by the Roman citizens, emphasise the background, the social setting, against and in which the tragedy of personal character or passion moves towards its determined catastrophe.

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The clown proper in *Romeo and Juliet* is Peter the serving-man, a rôle sustained, as we learn from a stage-direction in the Quarto of 1599 (*Enter Will Kemp*) by the player who, amongst Shakespeare's Fellows, was for a time the principal exponent in that kind. It is a short part, though the Editors, through insufficient attention to the old stage-directions, have, by distributing the single part amongst three actors, made it shorter still. I confine myself to a single scene in which Peter appears. It is the specifically 'Will Kemp' scene, and is a complete scene, though the Editors, again ignoring the original stage-directions, have not so treated it. It follows immediately on the discovery of Juliet, to all seeming, dead, and the intrusion at such a moment of the clown, and the somewhat clownish musicians, cannot fail, unless the situation be very delicately handled, to strike a painfully jarring note; even though we, the audience, are aware that Juliet only seems to be dead. The rules of dramatic construction observed by Shakespeare, including those which affect the treatment of dramatic time, require some scene of relatively low tension at this place. Will this scene serve? If it be blatantly clowned, the answer must assuredly be an emphatic negative. Treated in another spirit, the comedy in it may, I think, be more than justified.

Let us endeavour to reconstruct the staging, ignoring all stage-directions except those of the old texts, but noting especially the First Quarto, the stage-directions of which, we may remember, represent things actually witnessed on Shakespeare's stage. The Friar has just spoken his words of consolation and counsel, and 'all but the Nurse goe forth, casting Rosemary on [Juliet], and shutting the Curtens'. The musicians, as the stage-directions of the old copies show, have not been present during the scene which ends with the closing of the curtains. The music we have heard was played 'off', that is to say, probably in the 'Music Room' of the upper stage. The Nurse does not leave the stage, but moves to meet the musicians, who now enter on the main stage. From the drawing of the curtains the audience has received the impression of a new scene and a change of place.

Mu. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest goodfellows: Ah put vp, put vp.

The Nurse goes out as Peter enters.

Pet. Musitions, oh Musitions,
Hearts ease, hearts ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease.

Mu. Why hearts ease:

Pet. O Musitions
Because my heart it selfe playes, my heart is full.

There is here no gross caricature of sorrow. Peter's heart is genuinely full. How could it be otherwise? And if the poor fellow's grief manifests itself absurdly, the pathos is rather greater than less on that account. So played—and doubtless it asks some playing—all that follows—the rating of the musicians, the poor forced jests—falls not incongruously into its place. The scene is absurd enough, but pathos tinged with absurdity may be essential humour.

Such a combination, with one or the other element predominating, is not unusual in scenes in which Shakespeare's clowns play their part. Take Lancelot Gobbo's parting from Jessica, when 'tears exhibit [his] tongue', and 'these foolish drops doe somewhat drowne [his] manly spirit'. The clown (why should we not believe it?) is genuinely sorry to leave the mistress who had been kind to him; though his demonstration of sorrow and affection is ludicrous. Would not the scene, so rendered, take better than if it were made the occasion for stupid fooling designed to provoke laughter equally unintelligent?

There is excellent fooling, which, by the human touch, becomes humour, in a clown earlier than, but decidedly superior to, the younger Gobbo. I mean Launce, the servant of Proteus in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Launce's affection for Crab, the mongrel cur whose misdemeanours, quotable and unquotable, his master expiates in his own person, is not merely funny. 'Nay Ile be sworne I haue sat in the stocks, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise he had bin executed: I haue stood in the Pillorie, for geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had sufferd for't'. Nor is the situation discovered in Launce's first speech merely grotesque and laughable, though it is both; the speech in which he describes the concern of his family circle on his departure for 'the Imperiall Court': 'My mother weeping: my Father wayling: our Maid howling: our catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexitie'. Should we lose much and not gain somewhat, if the actor contrived to make us feel amidst our laughter, just a little sympathy for these honest folk in their very natural trouble?

Genial humanity of this kind—sentiment, if you like to call it so—we shall, if we look for it, find plentifully strewn throughout Shakespeare's low comedy. Even the disreputable firmament of which Falstaff is centre and sun, is not without it. Bardolph, thief and toper as he is, acquires some merit by his almost pathetic devotion to Falstaff. 'Falstaff, hee is dead', declaims Pistol, 'and wee musterne therefore'. 'Would I were with him', said Bardolph, 'wheresomere hee is, eyther in Heaven or in Hell'. 'Doe you not remember', puts in the

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Boy, 'a saw a Flea sticke vpon Bardolphs nose, and a said it was a blacke soule burning in Hell'. 'Well', mutters Bardolph, 'the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his seruice'; a remark which strikes me rather as testimony to his own disinterested loyalty than a purely selfish regret.

And does not Falstaff's ragged regiment invite something beside merriment?

Princ. But tell me *Jack*, whose fellows are these that come after?

Falst. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer see such pitifull rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to tosse: foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'le fill a pit as well as better: tush man, mortell men, mortell men.

Pistol, I grant, is not much more than a figure of fun. I can find nothing to my purpose in him except that he illustrates the honour among thieves when he pleads, though corruptly, for Bardolph, to whom 'Exeter hath given the doom of death, For Pax of little price'. This is his one 'good deed', and unfortunately it is the indireft cause of a well-deserved cudgelling at the hands of Fluellen.

It is straining a point, perhaps, to include the careful and valiant Welshman in the company of clowns, and I only do so to ask whether Literature provides a more lovable pair of drolls than the pedantic Welsh soldier, Fluellen and (as he proves on occasion) the militant Welsh pedant, Sir Hugh Evans—of whom I shall have something to say immediately.

There is no outstanding Clown in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and there is no need of one, or of any comic relief, in a play which is, throughout, a feast of happy merriment, ending (and this also is distinguishing) in a perfect riot of reconciliation and forgiveness.

Critics, I venture to think, are inclined to undervalue the *Merry Wives*, partly, I suppose, because of the deplorable (as they regard it) degradation of Falstaff. Shakespeare, I conceive, did not take even his greatest creations quite so seriously; and I suspect—it may be outrageous criticism—that in depriving the Windsor Falstaff of the supreme qualities of resourceful wit which make the Falstaff of Eastcheap so irresistible, Shakespeare, no rebel against any accepted code, was consciously making some reparation to orthodox morality for the affront he had offered it, by seeming, in the person of the greater Falstaff, to condone the very flagrant offences of an incorrigible and unrepentant sinner. It is true that, at the end of the second Part of Henry IV., sentence had been pronounced on Falstaff from the tribunal of a stern and rather repellent morality, but the poet, perhaps, considered the account still unsettled, until he had

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rendered aged iniquity supremely ridiculous. And this result is attained in the happiest possible manner. We laugh at Falstaff's discomfiture, but in no Pharisaical spirit, and when all is done, like the virtuous wives and the trusting and the jealous husband, we straightway forgive him everything.

The Merry Wives is just a divinely glorious romp. Shakespeare wrote it, I think—apart from the question of a royal command; and that was motive sufficient—because he was in the mood for a romp. So regarded, the comedy is surely perfect in its kind; flawless in the three essentials of construction, character and language. It is comedy of the lightest type, but—here I return to my thesis—there is no room in it for buffoonery.

I once witnessed a production of the *Merry Wives* under a famous theatrical régime—a production to me memorable as being the last occasion on which I saw Ellen Terry. It remains in my recollection as a delightful performance, but for one ugly blemish; the inane clowning in which the actors who personated Sir Hugh Evans and Dr. Caius were permitted, or required, to indulge. This foolery was evidently just a serving up of traditional stage tricks, a kind of ancient ritual which it would be sacrilege to forgo. It seems a pity that the theatre should be thus spell-bound by superstition, and I sometimes think it were a good deed if all the senseless stage traditions that cling about Shakespeare were collected and, in one comprehensive catalogue, banned by the Censor. The methods of the Harlequinade are out of place with the Welsh schoolmaster and the French doctor. In Sir Hugh Evans there is little that is inherently absurd, except his Welsh accent and his quaint abuse of the King's English. The worthy pedagogue is no fool or gerund-grinding machine devoid of humane culture. Snatches of a song of Marlowe rise instinctively to his lips, and if he is no master of colloquial English, he can write literary English very well. Sir Hugh is the author of the 'book' of the fairy play, or pageant, enacted at Herne's oak, and he is *ex officio* the producer; for the production of plays, and the training of players were, for the Elizabethan schoolmaster, sometimes all in the day's work.

Something too of the Elizabethan schoolmaster's routine we learn from Sir Hugh, in the delightful scene which opens the fourth act, and in which the little William Page is put through his accidence; his *big, bag, bog*, and 'your Genitive Case Plural', the familiar sound of which so scandalised Mistress Quickly.

It is a charming fancy which sees in the little William Page the great William Shakespeare in the days when he learnt his small Latin and less

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Greek. I am quite prepared to accept the fancy as gospel truth, and to conclude that the boy Shakespeare, though he may have crept like snail unwillingly to school, had a gentle preceptor, in whose threat, 'If you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques* and your *Quods*, you must be preeches', there was no terror, since it was immediately followed by a pat on the head and a 'Goe your waies and play'.

The pedagogue-producer of the *Merry Wives* calls up another Shakespearian schoolmaster, also possessed of histrionic gifts; Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Holofernes, it must be confessed, is a most portentous pedant, but a worthy soul notwithstanding. 'I praise the Lord for you', says the Curate, 'and so may my parishioners, for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common-wealth'. His pupils' parents rightly appreciate the learned man, for they welcome him to their homes, and they welcome also the Curate whom he brings with him to 'gratify the table with a grace'; doubtless counting their hospitality well repaid by the erudite conversation of guests so accomplished.

Holofernes and his company of actors who present the pageant of the Nine Worthies, assuredly provide food for unrestrained merriment, but it is all good-humoured laughter. 'We like the poor fellows', and sympathize not a little with them in the rather scurvy treatment they receive at the hands of the gentlefolk of the Court. A pleasant fellow is Costard who, in Mr. Granville-Barker's happy phrase, 'settles himself snugly in our affection' by his commendation and defence of the gentle Nathaniel, the 'foolish milde man, an honest man looke you, and soon dasht: He is a marvellous good neighbour in sooth, and a verie good bowler: but for Alisander, alas you see how 'tis, a little ore-parted'. And the constable Goodman Dull is not to be despised, who, listening to the learned discourse of the schoolmaster and the divine, speaks no word, nor understands one neither.

Shakespeare intended us to regard all these good people with affection, even with some measure of respect. Holofernes, unmercifully baited and put out of countenance in his endeavour to sustain the rôle of Judas Maccabeus, at least holds his own against his shallow tormentors, and his final reproof of their ungente and ungenerous railing has in it a genuine dignity.

Further, it deserves to be noted, the poor Worthies in *Love's Labour's Lost*, as the amateur tragi-comedians in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, find in the more gracious of the gentlefolk before whom and in whose honour they show their simple skill, a protection against the rather heartless

mockery of the less gracious. The Princess of France has words of encouragement and consolation for them all: 'Great thanks, great Pompey'; 'Proceed, good Alexander'; 'Alas, poor Maccabeus, how hath he been baited'; 'Speak, braue Hector'. The noble Theseus, when, during an interval in the very tragical mirth of young Piramus and his love Thisby, Hippolyta exclaims, not unjustly, 'This is the silliest stuff that ere I heard', reminds her, 'The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them'; and he dismisses the absurd players with the assurance that theirs is 'a fine tragedy . . . and very notably discharged'.

'The best in this kind are but shadows'. That Shakespeare the poet should say this were no great marvel; but it is said also by Shakespeare the actor, 'excellent in his quality'; and said of a most excruciating travesty of the art he professed to the end of his life (did he not remember in his will his *Fellows* Burbage, Heminge and Condell?), Shakespeare suffered fools gladly; liked and delighted in them. 'Good my lord, like this fellow' is not only Jacques' request to the exiled Duke in commendation of Touchstone; it is the poet's appeal to every audience when he presents his clowns for their delectation. He asks them to like sweet bully Bottom, and to think well of the honest mechanics for their whole-hearted admiration of their many-gifted companion and leader: 'For Piramus is a sweetfac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day; a most lovely Gentleman-like man, therefore you [Bottom] must needs play Piramus'. And again, in a dialogue between Flute and Quince:

Flute. If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quince. It is not possible: you have not a man in all *Athens*, able to discharge *Piramus* but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too, and he is a very Paramour, for a sweet voyce.

Flu. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God blesse vs) a thing of nought.

And finally, when the company despair of Bottom's arrival:

'O sweet bully *Bottom*: thus hath he lost sixpence a day, during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him sixpence a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd. He would have deserued it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing'.

Shakespeare suffered these pleasant fools gladly; Bottom the weaver, Quince the carpenter, Flute the bellows-mender and Snug the Joiner; and very gladly did he suffer Dogbery the Master Constable and Verges the Headborough.

I have mentioned Dr. Boas' notable demonstration of the essential

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part played by the city watch and their chief constable in the action of *Much Ado about Nothing*. I venture two remarks, by way of supplement. First: it is not only the stupid prolixity of Dogbery that is responsible for the subjection of Hero to her painful and cruel ordeal, and, by postponing the solution, for saving the play; Leonato's impatience must share in the discredit, for it is a factor in an equal degree. Here, as elsewhere, Shakespeare holds the balance even, between high and low.

Secondly, I would draw attention to the place in the progress of the action at which the low comedy characters appear. It is exactly in the middle of the third act, the climax of the comedy, and turning-point of the action. Hitherto the romantic and pure-comedy interests have gone on their way unassisted by the clowns. Claudio has seemingly won Hero, and the benevolent, but essentially superfluous, snares have enmeshed Benedick and Beatrice. Don John has just sprung his infamous plot on Claudio and the Prince: 'O day vntowardly turned!' 'O mischief strangely thwarting!' 'O plague right well prevented', comments the Bastard, 'So will you say, when you haue seen the sequele'—And pat, with no interruption of changing scenery, only a stage cleared for a moment—'Enter Dogbery and his compartner with the Watch. 'Are you good men and true?' The company of clowns has arrived, the good men and true, the most senseless and fit persons to provide in the sequel an ironic fulfilment of the Bastard's prophecy, and right well prevent the plague.

I have seen in recent years three several productions of *Much Ado*, all pleasant things to remember; and in all three the parts of Dogbery and Verges were discharged by actors who, in other rôles, have shown themselves to be excellent exponents of their art. Neither the producers nor the players were on all these occasions the same, and yet the treatment was identical: Verges a shuffling dotard; Dogbery a pompous mass of offensive self-importance; and the same insufferable comic 'business', all witnessing to a lamentably complete misconception of Shakespeare's purpose. For Dogbery and Verges are very worthy fellows, and Dogbery, in particular, shows a commendable sense of what belongs to his great office. He is withal a kindly and considerate soul. 'You haue bin alwaies cal'd a merciful man, partner', says Verges. 'Truly', answers Dogbery, 'I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him'. Discipline is not perhaps his strong point. He cannot see how, in a watchman, sleeping should offend; and his lenience to members of the criminal class might by the stern moralist be deemed culpable: 'The most peaceable way for you if you doe take a

theefe, is, to let him shew what he is, and steale out of your company'.

But it is in his relations with his partner Verges that Dogbery is delightful. He takes the old man under his wing with fatherly, or filial, tenderness; extols his virtues; excuses his little failings, and, in the exuberance of his own verbosity, is most anxious to save him from the indiscretion of too much speaking:

'Goodman Verges sir speaks a litle of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God helpe I would desire they were, but infaith honest as the skin betweene his browes' . . . 'A good old man sir, hee will be talking as they say, when the age is in the wit is out, God helpe vs, it is a world to see: well said yfaith neighbour Verges, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behinde, an honest soule yfaith sir, by my troth he is, as euer broke bread, but God is to bee worshipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour'.

Excellent comedy, but entirely human. The actor has a simple choice: Shakespeare's humour or his own buffoonery. The traditions of the stage may lead him to prefer the latter; but the treatment of Shakespeare's clowns as humorous characters rather than as comic turns, seems worth experiment.

I must now bring together for brief salutation a few clowns whom I have passed by the way or not yet encountered. There is Autolycus, a thorough-paced, but most engaging rogue, whom Shakespeare lets down with exceeding gentleness. Then there is Christopher Sly, not one of the deserving poor, though he has 'no more doublets than backes: no more stockings then legges: no more shooes then feet; nay sometimes more feet then shooes, or such shooes as [his] toes looke through the ouer-leather'.

I do not know what at the present moment is the correct critical attitude to take up in regard to the two Shrew plays; but I shall assume that Sly of the Folio version was taken from the Quarto piece. The curious thing is that Shakespeare, having started Sly on a highly promising comic career, did not quite know what else to do with him; for he disappears almost as soon as the Katherine-Petruchio comedy gets under way. The explanation is perhaps partly to be sought in Shakespeare's conception of the treatment in Romantic Comedy of the play within the play; but partly also to the tenderness which Shakespeare, whenever it can be managed, is wont to show to the unworthy and disreputable creatures of his imagination. Whatever their worthlessness or positive misdeeds, Shakespeare contrives in Comedy to let them have some share in the final feast of reconciliation. Plainly nothing in this kind could be done with Sly; and so Shakespeare, loth to wake him from his dream of lordship and unlimited liquor, cut short his history.

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The clowns in the so-called 'Problem Plays' are almost negligible. There is small room for genial low comedy in these experiments in the unpleasant. There is no clown at all in *Troilus and Cressida*. *All's well* has a professional jester, of whom I shall say a little, a very little, later. In *Measure for Measure* there is a very loathsome example of clown, Pompey, of whom the best that can be said is that he is, if anything, a little less repulsive than the example, furnished by the same play, of the foolish and fantastic gentleman, a stock stage-type, belonging to a class which has some kinship with the clowns, but at which Shakespeare's comprehensive tolerance seemingly stopped short. The clown and the fantastic in *Measure for Measure* both escape the punishment they deserve, Pompey by a very patent device; for Shakespeare, being, as I think, except for some great scenes and speeches, which he wrote with his whole heart, thoroughly uncomfortable in these plays, ends them up just anyhow. You will remember that Pompey secures his freedom on consideration of his accepting the office of Assistant Hangman, a post, contrary to all principles of sound administration, obviously created for him.

In the great tragedies, other than *Julius Caesar* and *Coriolanus*, low comedy is sparingly resorted to. In the two Roman plays the citizens supply something of the sort, and the treatment they receive supports the contention that normally the clownish folk in Shakespeare are not loosely attached to the main action of the plays in which they appear, and, as individuals, are presented with sympathy and humanity. The notion once prevalent, that 'citizens' in Shakespeare's eyes are invariably ridiculous and despicable, has been refuted, as I think, once for all, by Professor Chambers, in a memorable essay, which already I have had occasion to cite.

We need scarcely be reminded of the significance of the clowns who, in their short dramatic life, enhance by ironic contrast, the infinitely pathetic or tragic appeal in *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and *Antony and Cleopatra*; the clowns who jest and sing as they dig Ophelia's grave; the clown who plays with the fancy that he is keeper of Hell gate, not suspecting how small his need for make-believe; the clown who brings 'the pretty worm of Nilus' . . . that 'kisses and hurts not'.

These clowns belong to tragedy, and if the actors who personate them cannot, or will not, subdue themselves to the element in which they work, they only help to propagate the heresy that Shakespeare in his greatest moments is for the study, not the stage.

The professional clowns, the court or domestic fools, appear in seven plays, *As You Like it*, *Twelfth Night*, *All's Well*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Timon*

of *Athens*, and *The Tempest*. Two of these clowns, those in *Othello* and *Timon*, need not detain us. They are serviceable to the action for a moment; but their very existence is, I suppose, forgotten by many who know their Shakespeare pretty well. The clown in *All's Well* has a fairly long part, and good critics, I know, have delighted in it, but to me, I confess, it is little better than padding, and the best that can be said of him is said by Lafeu, 'A shrewd knave and an unhappy'—'unhappy' in the old sense, I take it, in as much as his fooling is little to the purpose.

Trinculo in *The Tempest* is recognisable as a jester by the motley he wears. Otherwise he is 'off duty' all the time we see him, and we think of him rather as the companion of Stephano the butler, and as one of a graceless, but highly diverting pair. The scenes in which Trinculo, Stephano and Caliban appear are as rich in comedy, of the order we are considering, as any in Shakespeare; but they are more than merely amusing. As has been acutely observed, the conspiracy against the life of Prospero in which the drunken butler, the pied ninny and the monstrous moon-calf engage, provides a burlesque parody of the conspiracy of the highly placed but blacker-hearted villains, Antonio and Sebastian. Further, the comic relief furnished by Trinculo and Stephano must be kept well in hand, if it is not to blunt our senses to the charm of Ariel's music, and to the magic of the verse which is heard amid the clowning, and rises directly out of it:

Be not affear'd, the Isle is full of noyses,
Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not :
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine eares ; and sometimes voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,
Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and shew riches,
Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd
I cri'de to dreame againe.

Most of us, I imagine, when we think of the jesters of Shakespeare, recall at once the incomparable trio, Touchstone, Feste, and the Fool in *Lear*. Each of these is a figure woven into the very texture of the play to which he belongs; and each has an individual interest, apart from the provision of an element of comedy of a distinctive kind. Touchstone, the first and wittiest of the trio, anticipates the last and greatest—greatest, I mean, not as jester, but as dramatic conception—by the loyal devotion which leads him to 'go along ouer the wide world' with his beloved mistress.

Feste is preeminently the singing clown, whose airs, plaintive and

SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWNS

wistful, are in perfect harmony with the spirit of a comedy which remains in the memory as 'one sweet symphony'. The songs of the Fool in *Lear* are but snatches of trivial ditties, while the gods, who did not make Audrey poetical, did not make Touchstone musical, or a tolerable critic of music. But Feste, has his definite place in the action of the comedy. He forms one of the links which bind the romantic interest of Viola, Olivia and Orsino to the pure-comedy interest of Malvolio. He also, in his own person, embodies that side of the contrast and conflict of temperament and outlook of which Malvolio represents the other. The antagonism comes out in the earlier part of the play, when Malvolio's churlish disparagement of the clown earns for him from his mistress the reproof that he is 'full of self-love'; and the humiliation of Malvolio is completed, not so much when he is confined as a madman in a dark cell, as when he is driven to seek and find deliverance in the 'barren rascal' whom his pinched morality had so condemned.

No actor, so far as I know, has attempted to represent the Fool in *Lear* as a figure of fun. That would be insufferable. The Fool in *Lear*—he has no name—belongs, in a sense, to comedy, but to comedy transfigured, and lifted into the seventh heaven of dramatic achievement. One shrinks from the presumption of comment; but, for our special purpose, we may recall the picture of the Fool crouching beneath the pelting of the pitiless storm, but bravely striving to cheer and comfort the afflicted king with quips and snatches of song. And we may remember the tenderness of Lear to his humble and devoted follower: 'Come on my boy, how dost my boy? art cold? I am cold my selfe'. And

Poor Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

After the Fool has helped Kent to bear Lear to the litter which is to convey him to Dover, we do not in the play see or hear him again; and, according to the now generally accepted view, we do not hear of him again. And yet, I wonder! 'And my poor fool is hang'd'. . . . The passages cited in support of the contention that the 'poor fool' is Cordelia, do not seem to me strictly parallel; and the inconsequence of the words—the next sentence beyond question refers to Cordelia—forms, since it is Lear in his derangement that speaks, no bar to our believing that the 'poor fool' is the gentle creature who, throughout the play, has borne that and no other name. I doubt, moreover, whether Shakespeare, if he intended Cordelia, would at this place have risked inevitable misunderstanding; for the assertion of a commentator (it was Steevens) that by this time the Fool is 'long ago forgotten', is assuredly, many times over, wrong. I

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would not dogmatize, but I confess to inclining to the view of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that 'the affectionate remembrance of the Fool, in this place . . . is one of those strokes of genius or of nature, which are so often found in Shakespeare, and in him only'. Whether or not we question the justice of the particular application, the words I have quoted are, in general, profoundly true. The Fool in *Lea*r is the crowning, but only the crowning, example of Shakespeare's power to make comedy and comic characters serve the very highest purposes of dramatic art; the crowning example of that divine humanity which comprehends in its embrace the lowest, the least worthy and the most absurd; and which, even if we eliminate from the reckoning the supreme stagecraft, the magic of the language, and the still unexplored wisdom of the thought, would yet command for Shakespeare, above all poets, our devotion and our love.

MARK HUNTER.

THE SEAGULL

by EDNA NORMAN

WOULD a flower cry
And drift in the sky
Like the silken line that the spider throws
In deep green lanes from the high hedgerows,
Lifting and drifting upon the air,
It would be like that seagull there,
Floating and flying above the marsh,
With the seas'-surge still in his listening ear,
And the smell of the marshlands, soft and near.
Gone is fear and the raucous harsh
Cries of hunger—He drifts and croons,
Chuckles and spins in silk cocoons
Sound as soft as a baby's skin.
Strange he is and strange will be
Roving an untamed stranger sea;
But here with the fertile marshlands' teeming
Thick with flowers, he falls a-dreaming,
Falls a-dreaming and floats up there
Like a petal of pearl in the blue still air.





Congo Central

1874-1875

FOR THE FEAST OF THE BABE

by R. A. HODGSON

WHEN God was an apprentice lad
He built the House of Space,
And hung a million stars therein
To burn before His Face.

When God became a journeyman
He made the sun and moon,
The silver bowl that holds the night,
The gold that spills the noon.

But when God made His master-piece
He wrought it very small,
And gave it to a humble lass,
Who hid it in a stall.

So God's great miracle was done
When there were few to mark;
As if it were a shameful thing
He did it in the dark.

And little was there to be seen—
Only a babe that cried,
A vessel for the whole of space,
The whole of time beside.

Only the hope of all the world
For all the world to scorn;
When God wrought His one miracle,
The night a child was born.

1928.

GEORGE HERBERT

THE popular idea of George Herbert is entirely wrong. It is due, I suppose, largely to Izaak Walton, who wrote his life and speaks of him so reverentially as 'holy Mr. Herbert'. Most people—in so far as they think of Herbert at all—think of him, I believe, as an ancient man with flowing white beard walking in slow and saintly meditation about the grounds of his vicarage at Bemerton. As a matter of fact, Herbert was thirty-nine when he died. He had been a parish priest for not quite three years, and that time had been spent partly in intense practical activity among his parishioners, partly in intense devotional and literary activity in his church and in his study. Herbert, like Donne, was a late-comer to the religious life. He had not, it is true, a youth of dissipation to look back upon as had Donne, but his ambitions had for many years lain in the direction of serving, not God, but the King. Born at the ancient castle of Montgomery, a member of a younger branch of the noble family of which the Earls of Pembroke were head, brother of a famous diplomatist, of a Master of the Revels, of two soldiers and a sailor, Herbert looked to Court life as his natural sphere. As Public Orator of the University of Cambridge he had the congenial duty of welcoming the King and other great persons when they visited it. He was thus brought into notice. The King was only the most important of his patrons. He pursued his ambitions away from Cambridge, but always took care to be there when there was a chance of showing off before the great. Nor was this his only human weakness. In an age of excessive richness of apparel, when a man might wear the value of a dukedom on his back, Herbert was noted for his vanity in dress. The eloquence of the Public Orator, at once gorgeous and sinewy, was matched by the gorgeous clothing in which his spare figure was clad.

Then came the crash. In rapid succession Herbert lost his three chief patrons by death. Included among them was King James I. At about the same time other influences came into play. 'Two or three hours' ride from Cambridge, at the hamlet of Little Gidding, lived the wealthy Nicholas Ferrar. He had been a busy merchant and also a member of Parliament (for Lymington), but had then retired into Huntingdonshire, had been ordained deacon by Bishop Laud, and had there established an Anglican religious community of about thirty persons comprising his

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own family and the families of his brothers and his brothers-in-law. The community lived according to fixed rules. Perpetual prayer was kept up, the members of the community relieving one another continuously through the day and the night. The existence of the Little Gidding community is a symptom of what—to use the language of the nineteenth century—we may call the ‘High Church’ movement of the seventeenth century. The guiding spirit was that of Laud, not yet Archbishop. Like the curiously similar movement of 200 years later, it aimed at being a movement *within* the Church of England. Laud’s whole aim was to make that Church a real *via media*, a real mean or middle way between Rome on the one hand and Geneva on the other. But like the ‘High Church’ movement of the nineteenth century, that of the seventeenth resulted in some of its more ardent supporters crossing over to Rome. Among these was Crashaw.

Not so Herbert. At the time when worldly hopes were failing, he came under the influence of Little Gidding. The struggle was long and arduous. Herbert’s health, never strong, suffered severely. But at length the religious element—always, as with Donne, present in his nature, though stifled—triumphed, and triumphed completely. He ‘changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat’, and surrendered the ambitions of a courtier for the humble duties of a country vicar—only diversified by the weekly meetings of a musical society in the neighbouring town of Salisbury. Shortly before his induction to Bemerton he married. I mention this, first, to emphasize the fact that there was never with Herbert any question of going over to Rome, and secondly, to give myself an excuse for quoting from Izaak Walton.

‘These, and his other visible virtues, begot him much love from a gentleman of a noble fortune, and a near kinsman to his friend the Earl of Danby; namely from Mr. Charles Danvers of Bainton, in the County of Wilts, Esq. This Mr. Danvers having known him long, and familiarly, did so much affect him, that he often and publicly declared a desire, that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters—for he had so many—but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter. And he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert himself; and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing: and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a platonic, as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen.

‘This was a fair preparation for a marriage; but, alas! her father died before Mr. Herbert’s retirement to Dauntsey: yet some friends to

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both parties procured their meeting ; at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city : and love having got such possession, governed, and made there such laws and resolutions, as neither party was able to resist ; insomuch, that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview'.

In other words, the marriage was arranged without Jane having much to say about it. She accepted the situation with joy, and her married life, if short, was very happy. So much so, indeed, that one feels it was hardly fair on her second husband, Sir Robert Cook, whom she married sometime after Herbert's death. Says Walton :

'Mrs. Herbert was the wife of Sir Robert eight years . . . all which time she took a pleasure in mentioning and commending the excellencies of Mr. George Herbert'.

Herbert is *the* poet of the Church of England. In his poem called 'The British Church' he puts clearly the point of view of the *via media*, the Church of England as the golden mean, the two extremes being 'She on the hills', that is Rome, and 'She in the valley', that is, Geneva or Calvinism.

THE BRITISH CHURCH

I joy, deare Mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments and hue,
Both sweet and bright.

Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When she doth write.

A fine aspect in fit array,
Neither too mean nor yet too gay,
Show who is best.

Outlandish looks may not compare ;
For all they either painted are,
Or else undrest.

She on the hills, which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferr'd,

Hath kiss's so long her painted shrines,
The ev'n her face by kissing shines,
For her reward.

She in the valley is so shie
Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
About her cares ;

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While she avoids her neighbour's pride,
She wholly goes on th' other side.
And nothing wears.

But, dearest Mother, what those misse,
The mean thy praise and glorie is,
And long may be.

Blessèd be God, Whose love it was
To double-moat thee with His grace,
And none but thee.

I gave laid stress on the change of heart which befell Herbert as it befell Donne, because that means that his religious poetry, like Donne's, is the distilled result of tense mental struggle and even anguish. Some so-called religious poetry is bad because it is the mere sentimental overslop of minds which have not the courage or energy to be wicked. It is mere negative goodness, placid piety. There is nothing of this sort about the saints of the seventeenth century, whatever their religious denomination. This applies equally to the Anglican Herbert, the Roman Catholic Crashaw and the Puritan Bunyan. Herbert's poetry, if read in the light of the brief outline I have given of his life as a young man, is seen to be full of real experience. What a world of desperate struggles with temptation lies behind this poem, quaintly named 'The Quip':

THE QUIP

The merrie World did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together where I lay,
And all in sport to geere at me.

First Beautie crept into a rose,
Which when I pluckt not, 'Sir', said she,
'Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?'
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
'What tune is this, poore man?' said he;
'I heard in Musick you had skill':
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glorie puffing by!
In silkes that whistled, who but he
He scarce allowed me half an eie:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

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Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
But he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration :
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the houre of Thy designe
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large, say I am Thine,
And then they have their answer home.

'The Quip' is a quaint title for that poem : so is 'The Pulley' for another, which opens a wide window into its author's mind.

THE PULLEY

When God at first made man,
Having a glasse of blessings standing by,
'Let us', said He, 'poure on him all we can ;
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span'.

So strength first made a way,
Then beautie flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure ;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottome lay.

'For if I should', said He,
'Bestow this jewell also on My creature,
He would adore my gifts in stead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
So both should losers be.

'Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlesnesse ;
Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to My breast'.

The need for rest was the 'pulley' which drew Herbert to God. There is a similar metaphorical idea in the title of 'The Collar', in which he describes his desperate efforts to continue in unthinking enjoyment of life.

But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, *Childe* :
And I reply'd, *My Lord* !

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So Herbert was converted and, besides poems in which the struggle is apparent, there are others in which it is only seen in its results—in the deepening of the stream of religious life. He would serve God, and yet God is before him. On Easter Day.

I got me flowers to straw Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree :
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.

He is fond of sonnets. Here is a curious one, containing no grammatical sentence but consisting wholly of a catalogue of metaphors for Prayer. Some of them are better than others, but I think the effect is, on the whole, pleasing.

PRAYER

Prayer, the Church's banquet, Angels' age,
God's breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth ;
Engine against th' Almighty, sinner's towre,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six-daies-world transposing in an houre,
A kinde of tune which all things heare and fear ;
Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,
Exalted Manna, gladnesse of the best,
Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,
The milkie way, the bird of Paradise,
Church-bels beyond the stars heard, the soul's bloud,
The land of spices, something understood.

In the end the dandified Public Orator of Cambridge, who only took care to be at the post of duty if the King were coming, became a saint and walked with God. He was carried off in what should have been the prime of life by a consumptive disease. But he was ready—'Love bade me welcome'.

LOVE

Love bade me welcome ; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd any thing.

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'A guest', I answer'd, 'worthy to be here':

Love said, 'You shall be her'.

'I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,

I cannot look on Thee'.

Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,

'Who made the eyes but I?'

'Truth, Lord; but I have marr'd them; let my shame

Go where it doth deserve'.

'And know you not', says Love, 'Who bore the blame?'

'My dear, them I will serve'.

'You must sit down', says Love, 'and taste My meat'.

So I did sit and eat.

H. M. MARGOLIOUTH.

A WESSEX CHURCHYARD

by ADRIAN DE FRISTON

CONSIDER this old woman tending graves:

She bends to tend them, leaning to the earth
Lone in the lessening twilight of the garth,
And her frail form seems faint and cowering
To earth itself in this October haze;
But her dark eyes, like autumn flowers late-flowering,
Like sombre pools, in resignation gaze
Calm and unquelled upon a world of lowering
Dusk and the dwindling, drawing-in of days.

Consider her wise toil among the graves:

More than mere earth inert above their bones
Divides her from the dead; yet their worn stones
Still in the deepening dark she nurtures, keeping
Rare seed, wild root to crown each briared mound:
Blue hound's-tongue, heart's-ease, alleluia creeping
With royal rue, balm-for-the-warrior's-wound,
Musk and all cherished plants to mark their sleeping
Who by such fugitive flowers are sought and found.

THOMAS HARDY AND GEORGE MEREDITH, POINTS OF CONTACT—A PERSONAL NOTE

THE high esteem in which the world of letters held George Meredith and Thomas Hardy respectively is clearly indicated by many signs and evidences, but that they were accorded by their fellow writers first place among their contemporaries is shown by one conclusive attestation. When Lord Tennyson died, the Presidency of the Society of Authors, which had been conferred on the Laureate, on the foundation of that Society, was accorded to George Meredith, and, on Meredith's death, the Council of the Society chose Thomas Hardy as his successor.

Superficially considered it would not appear that there was much in common between these two writers, save that they both excelled as creators, and both were pre-eminent as master-artists in the use of the English language. They dealt with themes so divergent, and employed widely dissimilar literary vehicles for the carriage of their creations, but they were one in being the great outstanding figures in creative literature of our day and generation. And in despite of their obvious differences they had this one great quality in common. They both started out determined to look life, the great cruel relentless facts of life, fairly and squarely in the face; to set these facts forth fearlessly, though with a fine charity; without extenuation but without malice. They both devoted their magnificent natural endowments, their supreme equipment that is to say, in those many talents—the hand-maids of genius—which are concomitant possessions of the inspired story-teller, to the task of weaving out of the figments of the brain, romances which should be in fact, in actual substance that is to say, pictures, reflections rather, of life's drama, embodying illuminative revelations of the tragi-comedy of man's passage through those mundane conditions which cramp or expand his soul; which make or mar him in a material as in a spiritual sense. So far then their art had an identic provenance.

My personal knowledge of Hardy and Meredith was limited. I met and conversed with them both, and my epistolary relations with both stretched over many years. Intimate friends of mine were intimate friends of theirs. William Sharp (Fiona Macleod) and several others were constantly going between us. I had every right to, and every opportunity of, knowing more of them than I actually did. But I

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deliberately elected not to take advantage of these many opportunities. Why? Perhaps in some measure because I feared the disillusionment which I had often experienced before, when enthusiasm for an author's work had led me to cultivate his acquaintance. Tennyson and Browning are certainly not cases in point, very much the reverse; but without giving actual instances, I may give an abstract illustration to explain my reluctance. Ardent Shelleyan as I am, I am sure that I should not have liked Shelley the man, as a man.

But there was a more direct and imperative reason why I held back. Hardy and Meredith were both afflicted with that infirmity of mind, as I believe it to be, that intellectual myopia, which made them suspicious of, and indeed decidedly inimical to, England's imperial position and Britain's imperial destiny. My own enthusiastic belief in both, and my ceaseless propaganda in proclaiming it, would undoubtedly have led to tiresome and, to me, painful friction had I come to close quarters with either; in a word, and of course I am confining the meaning of the quotation to the political theatre, 'like and unlike can ne'er be equal powers'.

But when *Tess* was published I chanced to be one of the principal writers and reviewers for a popular literary review—the *Literary World*, and the book fell into my hands, naturally enough, for review, since I had long been a fervid admirer of Hardy's fiction. I reviewed the book and furthermore, when the *Quarterly* attacked it, under the title 'Culture and Anarchy', I put up a defence for it in a reasoned article. That elicited from Hardy two highly interesting letters wherein he gave his version, very circumstantially, of the inwardness of the attack. No doubt these letters would if printed add spice to this note. But it would be unfair; it would not be in good taste to publish these letters, though they were not marked private. I should never dream of asking Hardy's literary executors to permit their inclusion here. Hardy gave chapter and verse for the faith that was in him, but one has to make allowances for the artistic temperament, which sometimes betrays writers and poets into taking extreme views.

But among the other letters there is one which, while being of a self-revealing character, is of especial interest since it comprises what some have suspected regarding Hardy's attitude to his work in general. I have submitted this letter to Mr. Sydney C. Cockerell, and he sees no reason why it should not be printed. Its receipt by me arose out of the publication of an essay from my pen entitled 'Thomas Hardy: Our Greatest Prose Poet' appearing in *East and West*, and afterwards issued in pamphlet form. Writing from Margate on the 22nd April, 1915, Hardy,

THOMAS HARDY AND GEORGE MEREDITH, POINTS OF
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after giving expression to certain conventions of thanks, continued : ' It is difficult for me to enter into an estimate of my writings based on the less personal of them, which ceased 20 years ago, and to disregard what critics think the more characteristic—those of the latter half of my period of authorship '. This confirms what has been said less definitely, that Hardy looked upon his poetry and especially *The Dynasts* as the work upon which his ultimate fame would rest. As to how far it is likely he was right in this conjecture I will not venture an opinion.

One of the letters which I have before me from George Meredith is of especial interest for the same reason as the foregoing Hardy letter : it is eminently self-revealing.

It has been said of Meredith that he was entirely indifferent as to the verdict passed upon his novels by professional critics. As a fact he was far from this detachment and unconcern. The comparative neglect of his work in the earlier years of his life by all but a strictly limited circle hurt him acutely. In 1891, having written a novel dealing with Sussex life and scenes, I submitted it, or parts of it, to George Meredith asking him to permit me to dedicate the work to him. This was his answer : ' My sole ground for hesitation is that I do not like to see a young author damage his chances with the public by dedicating his work to me, whose name in letters is unpopular. I am convinced that the association of the names will be found injurious to the younger. Have you not observed how readily reviewers fall upon him to charge him with the errors they have wearifully whacked in his complimented elder ? You will be acting wisely if you abstain from inscribing to me. But I need not say that you are at liberty to follow the dictates of your own judgement '.

Apart from these letters of an intimate and personal nature, the Hon. Secretaryship of the Shelley Society, the Shelley Centenary Celebration at Horsham (1892) which I engineered in association with Mr. J. I. Robinson and my tenure for some years of the Executive Secretaryship of the Authors' Society, brought me into communication with both these masters ; but their letters, although more or less interesting, have not the value attached to communications which illuminate personality.

J. STANLEY LITTLE.

THE GATE OF FIRE
AN ODE

by V. DE SOLA PINTO

I

O DELICATE green of the sweeping down,
Pale lovely skies of April hue,
O rounded copses of dark trees that crown
The windy hilltops, O rich ruddy brown
Of ploughed fields and budding elms, and you
Live azure of the distance, you clear streams that flow
Through the green meadow valleys where the slow
Pied cattle nibble, and great starry gold
Kingcups spring from the rich black sodden mould :
O freshness of the world, divine and ever new.

II

This you have left, O Man, in that wild, brave
Awakening from the great Will of the World
That held you once like rock, like flower, like beast close furled
In its unconscious striving : you alone must crave
To know as well as to be : like an eager boy
You sprang forth resolved to create
With your new-found pigmy will a city of light and joy.
O pitiful ! Did the Gods laugh or weep at the sight
Of a child with its little tools trying to emulate
High heaven's glory ? This was the Babel tower
Of the old poet, you were the insect king,
Who tried to scale heaven's height.
You did not know that the freshness of each flower
Costs a million ages : fair as God's garden was the town
You wanted to build, with streets as noble as forests and a crown
Of towers as grand as mountains ; you would unite
The wills and passions of poor mud-born things
Into a republic of Love, a commonwealth of kings.

THE GATE OF FIRE—AN ODE

III

Your failures scar the world ; you have murdered green
And lovely meadows and grace of swaying trees,
You have smudged heaven's blue and silver with factory smoke
To build the desolation of your mean
And sordid streets, your tawdry palaces,
You have fouled a million pure and shining streams
To build brothel and ginshop and music-hall,
Shops that sell poison and sawdust, and worst of all
The myriad commonplace homes of respectable folk,
Who have sold their heritage of loveliness
For four square meals a day and easy dreams
For silk and fur and a clean white shirt,
Who go from cradle to grave and never guess
They are human beetles building nests of dirt.

IV

But still the Flame
In each burns pure and clear
As it burnt in the morning of life,
For it is the same
Fire that lights the great presence of earth, sea and sky ;
Neither vulgarity nor shame
Nor ugliness of human strife
Can dim that splendour : with the Spirit's eye
I look at the Flame : it parts like a fiery gate ;
Behind the gate is the garden whence we came :
Starry boughs that shadow immortal streams,
Living boughs aflower with thoughts and passions and dreams ;
This is the garden of delight ;
And there the blest ones wait,
The shining ones, who alone have the wisdom and might
To help us to build the City of Truth,
Shelley's Athens, Blake's Jerusalem.
O Man forget your war with shadows : turn to them :
These are the givers of perpetual youth.
So shall your Spirit be wedded again to the eternal Will,
So shall you win again the high estate
Of Child and Flower and Stream and Sky and Hill.

LOCAL VARIATIONS IN DENSITY OF HOUSING, 1921

THE accompanying map is designed to give in broad outline the local variations in housing density in Wessex, according to the Census of 1921, and to indicate the extent and geographical distribution of different housing conditions. In order to ensure that its purport and limitations shall be realized, it is necessary to give a brief account of the data on which it is based.

1. The area covered is that which has been dealt with as Central South England by Professor O. H. T. Rishbeth in *Great Britain*, Chap. IV., together with the large part of West Sussex which falls outside the boundaries of Wessex as defined in his study. It includes the entire Administrative Counties (with associated County Boroughs) of West Sussex, Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, and Dorset, and the southern half of Wiltshire.

2. The data consist of the returns as to the housing of private families given in Table 3 of each of the County volumes of the Census of 1921. A 'private family' is a person or group of persons in separate occupation of any premises which are not institutions, e.g. hospitals, or business establishments and boarding-houses where the number of assistants living-in or of boarders exceeds the number of the employer's or householder's family (including domestic servants). Private families were recorded as occupying 'structurally separate dwellings', a separate dwelling being a flat, a house not structurally sub-divided, or a sub-division of a house that has been partitioned so as to give each section a separate access. In each of the complete Administrative Counties covered by this study, the number of private families was appreciably in excess of the number of structurally separate dwellings occupied. If the number of private families in each county in 1921 be taken as 100, then the number of separate dwellings was (to the nearest whole number) in the Isle of Wight 96, in Dorset 94, in West Sussex 93, in Hampshire 88. If the housing ideal be regarded as the sole occupation of an undivided private house by every private family, a greater divergence between this and the actual conditions of 1921 is revealed by the figures; in the Isle of Wight the number of such houses available was 92.5 per cent. of the number of private families, in Dorset 92 per cent., in West Sussex 90.5 per cent., in Hampshire only 83 per cent.

LOCAL VARIATIONS IN HOUSING DENSITY, 1921.



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3. While the number of structurally separate dwellings, as compared with the number of occupiers, gives an indication of the general character of housing, it does not provide a measure of housing conditions, which are determined by the accommodation available. A simple index of housing accommodation is provided by the number of rooms occupied per person, that is, any rooms (in a structurally separate dwelling) other than sculleries, bathrooms, offices, etc., used by persons returned as in private families.

4. In the county volumes, the data outlined above is given in Table 3 for every Civil Parish in each Rural District, for each Urban District and Civil Parish, and for the wards of the County Boroughs. The Civil Parish constitutes the smallest unit for which returns are made, and therefore was taken as the basis of the map-study; the boundaries of different density-areas are the boundaries of Civil Parishes in those density-classes. Owing to the smallness of the scale (below) to which the map had to be reduced, the constituent wards of the County Boroughs in the region cannot be shown, and each County Borough is placed in that class in which the average density of the town as a whole falls. Thus, Southampton is returned by 17 wards, having densities varying in 1921 from .88 to 1.58; the density for Southampton C.B. (County of a Town) entire Civil Parish was 1.13, and it is therefore included as a single area in the extensive region (cross-hatched on the map) representing the denser housing of the immediate hinterland of the port. The details were grouped into five classes, each with a distinctive shading, the key to which is given.

The original map was hatched on the Ordnance Survey county diagrams, showing Civil Parishes, on the quarter-inch scale. It would have been easy to subdivide the range of densities much further, but a larger number of classes would mean a greater and possibly confusing variety of hatchings, and smaller areas. For the same reason—to avoid an excess of detail—only the principal centres have been indicated, and those merely by a small initial letter. Smaller classes, moreover, while of interest in a detailed study, would probably not produce an impression different from the accompanying map.

There are three questions arising in connexion with a study of local housing conditions, the answers to which can only be indicated in the space at my disposal. The first point relates to the validity of the study. How far is the impression obtained from the figures of 1921 of use to-day? While it is not possible to state that there have been no material alterations in housing conditions in Wessex since 1921, it must be remembered that no data comparable with that used will be available for some years to

LOCAL VARIATIONS IN DENSITY OF HOUSING, 1921

come, until the results of the next Census are out, so that the map represents the latest results obtainable. Further, the changes in some respects are known to be small over earlier intercensal periods (see below).

The next question is the relation between population density and housing density. In general it can be said that there is no significant correlation between the two, so far as local distribution in Wessex is concerned. Civil Parishes or municipal wards with the same population density (persons per acre) show very different housing conditions. No hard and fast line between rural and urban areas can be drawn in respect of housing density, or between regions of increasing and regions of decreasing population (see Fig. 16, *Great Britain*).

The most important housing question, however, is that of overcrowding. So large a subject cannot be dealt with even in outline here, but as the map may suggest certain reflections as to its extent and distribution in Wessex, it is necessary to qualify the effect it gives. No absolute criterion of overcrowding is put forward by the Census reports, but conditions under which persons are living two or more to one room may be described as bad housing. The overcrowded areas, if an average density of .50 or less be taken as the standard, are therefore *smaller* than the black areas on the map; they form as it were the core of these areas. The parish of Idmiston (the black area directly to the north-east of Salisbury) was returned with a density of .43 rooms per person; the next worst were Goathill, .53, and Purse Caundle, .57 (east of Sherborne), and Broadmayne, .55 (south of Dorchester). Though these areas are small and few, the following table shows that the amount of overcrowding was not negligible, and that a slight deterioration had occurred.

POPULATION IN PRIVATE FAMILIES LIVING MORE THAN TWO PERSONS PER ROOM: PERCENTAGE OF TOTAL POPULATION IN PRIVATE FAMILIES.

In entire Administrative

| <i>Counties of:—</i> | 1921 | 1911 |
|-------------------------|------|------|
| Wiltshire | 4.6 | 4.6 |
| Hampshire | 4.2 | 3.3 |
| Dorset | 3.3 | 3.2 |
| West Sussex | 3.1 | 3.0 |
| Isle of Wight | 1.8 | 1.6 |

This position is not incompatible with the general decline in the size of the average family 1911-21, the explanation being that the increased number of smaller families has resulted in a diminution of the accommo-

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dation available for the larger families, and in a reduction in the standard of housing enjoyed by the small family, as compared with 1911, owing to the failure of the supply of accommodation to keep pace with the increasing small-family demand. As the bulk of the population of Wessex is to-day in families of four persons or less, this brings down the general level of housing for 1921.

The map is reproduced on a scale of 15 miles to 1 inch.

R. A. HODGSON.



ON A WESSEX HEATH

WILD, windswept heath—purple-painted heath,
Rich in russet trees and dark with sombre, fragrant pine,
Gold gorse beneath—scented gorse beneath,
'Mid bracken fronds, heather and thy beauty I recline.

Bronze-tinted trees, sable-clad fir trees,
Rising above the blue hills that wind toward the sea—
Birds on the breeze—winging on the breeze
Echo around me mournfully, weirdly, fearfully !

Wildly they cry—plaintively cry
Over my head, filling my heart with wonderment, before
They have passed by—swiftly passed by,
Leaving me there to meditate on nature's boundless store !

Gold is the West—glowing is the West,
Arable land lies bare and brown, yonder to the North :—
A Wessex heath brings rest—'tis here I love to rest,
Where mystic beauties dwell and southward silver sea shines forth !

MARGERY CONSTANCE HART.



THE STUDENTS' UNION (1928-29)

THE smallness of our college, which we have often regretted as limiting the range of our student activities, has certainly made possible the fostering of a corporate life to an extent unusual in larger universities. Membership of the Students' Union has become, we think we may say, a tradition as well as a compulsory formality. Increasing numbers of students are taking, not only an active part in the life of the Union, but an interest in the affairs of the college as a whole. As evidence of this we should point to the whole-hearted manner in which such activities as the students' work for the Appeal, the Hospital Rag and the Traffic Census Survey have been supported by the general body of students. Some advance in the realisation of the union of the student body seems to us to be the result of the General Meetings of the Union, which, for the first time in the history of our student organisation, have been held regularly throughout the session.

The Halls, both for residential and for home students, show every sign of healthy corporate life. A good deal of responsibility for internal government rests upon representative committees of students, who also organise the inter-Hall functions, which, by maintaining contact between all parts of the student body, form a very valuable part of the social activities of the Union.

Although the size of the college limits the range of our social life, we try to make it as varied as possible. The Choral and Orchestral Society maintains its high standard of production. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Iolanthe* was remarkably well rendered during the Spring term, while the Stage Society achieved equal success with *The Whole Town's Talking*. Union dances are as popular as ever, but debating still lacks supporters. This year's Inter-Varsity Debate will be remembered by most of us rather for its wit than for its worth. Perhaps we appreciate it most because of the opportunity which it provides of meeting students from other Universities. This privilege our representatives sometimes enjoy through invitations from other Unions, through our membership of the National Union of Students and on the frequent occasions on which we welcome and entertain students from abroad who pass through the port of Southampton.

The position of athletics in college life is a prominent one. The team spirit here, as elsewhere, is well in evidence. A good deal of interest has been aroused by the ambitious and truly epoch-making decision of the Committee of the newly re-constituted Athletic Union to join the Inter-Varsity Athletic Board. It is hoped that this will raise the standard of athletics in all its departments and encourage the students of this college to follow up the distinction we achieved last August in having a representative at the University contest in Paris.

Adequate evidence of the existence of a genuine love of sport has, to our mind, been afforded by the formation during the winter of a slow pack. With little hope of representing the college, some thirty to forty men turn out twice a week for a cross-country run and enjoy the exercise and the physical fitness it brings. While such enthusiasm exists outside the set teams, we need entertain little fear for the future of sport in the college.

Less universally but no less keenly supported than Athletics are numerous other

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societies which exist within the Union. The Christian Union, which is no longer affiliated to the Students' Union, seems, if one can judge from a steady attendance at its meetings, to be amply justifying its independence. A notable feature of college life this session has been the continued work in connection with social service undertaken by students. Men from South Stoneham House are regular visitors at Winchester Prison, where they lecture on a variety of subjects on Sunday afternoons. Women students assist with local play-centres.

The British Universities League of Nations Society continues to hold before us the ideal of international fellowship. The small but earnest band of enthusiasts who have availed themselves of the opportunities for the study of international questions afforded by the growing library of the International Relations Club certainly finds the task worth while.

The Scout Club with its younger sister, the Ranger Cadet Troop, continues to flourish, while another outdoor society, the 'Ramblers', has been born this session.

Older and more firmly established societies of the academic type claim the allegiance of the student according to his tastes and training. Such, for instance, are the Economics, Geographical Science, Biological and Engineering Societies, while on the Arts side, students belong to the Southampton branches of the English Association and the Alliance Française.

An account of student activities in this college would be incomplete without some mention of the generous and continual help which the Union, in its striving for healthy development, receives from friends both within and without the college. We are particularly indebted to the Mayor of Southampton for the interest which he constantly shows in the college and for such an attention as his presence on Sports Day, to all who have forwarded the cause of the University of Wessex, and especially to the anonymous donor of the Athletic Pavilion and to Sir Grahame Green for his magnificent gift to South Stoneham House, to our own college authorities for their consideration of questions raised from time to time by the Students' Council, and finally to the honorary members of the Students' Union, especially to the Registrar for invaluable co-operation and advice.



SOLVITUR ACRIS HIEMS

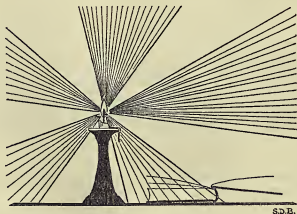
by J. B. LEISHMAN

NOW cold winter's reign is yielding to the spring and young desire,
And creaking tackles hauling dry hulls towards the shore ;
Cattle keep no more in stall, nor the ploughman by his fire,
And no more we see at sunrise fields with white frost gleaming hoar.

Now on moonlit nights queen Venus leads her laughing bands in dancing,
Nymphs and Graces sweetly mingled 'mid the shadowy trees they gl'de,
Lightly beating fairy measures, like wind-wakened pools advancing ;
While in fiery caves grim Vulcan sees the Cyclops' hammers plied.

Now's the time to crown in gladness loving youths and maids with flowers,
And to gather all the garlands that the waking earth can give ;
And to offer at his altars in the shady forest bowers
Gifts to Pan, the god of shepherds, who loves all the things that live.

Yet remember, in the springtime, how pale Death, his task pursuing,
Visits in impartial progress shepherd's cots and monarchs' towers ;
And one little span of life here bids us leave to gods the doing
Of long labours, and be happy at the harvest, crowned with flowers.



S.D.B.

REVIEWS

(The Dean of Winchester has been kind enough to write the following at very short notice. He was only able to read five of the Essays of *Speculum Religionis* in proof. We hope to include in next year's number of *Wessex* a review of the complete work.)

SPECULUM RELIGIONIS. Essays and Studies in Religion and Literature from PLATO to VON HÜGEL presented by Members of the Staff of University College, Southampton, to DR. C. G. MONTEFIORE on the occasion of his Seventieth Birthday. *Oxford at the Clarendon Press, 1929.*

Wessex wants the very earliest and most accurate information as to anything that concerns the University College of Southampton; and few things concern it more intimately than the publication of this book. Its origin is thus given:

'Dr. Montefiore attained the age of seventy years on 6 June, 1928. In recognition of his great services to learning, to religion, and to education, no less than to philanthropy, members of the staff of University College, Southampton, of which Dr. Montefiore has been for many years President, are presenting him with a volume of Essays, entitled *Speculum Religionis*. The Norrisian Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, Dr. F. C. Burkitt, F.B.A., has written an Introductory Essay which takes the form of a critical appreciation of Dr. Montefiore's work'.

Wessex welcomes the book before it appears and wholeheartedly joins in the congratulations and homage which it represents. I am tempted to add a special word of respect for the wise and generous mind which has inspired so much of the good work of the College; but I must refrain. Readers of the book will find mirrored in it much of what those who have subscribed to it, and those who will buy it, will wish to say. But I am in a slight difficulty; I am asked to 'write a little notice' of a book which is not in my hands. I have only been given the proof of five out of the ten contributions which the whole book will contain. I must do as best I can. *Ex pede Herculem*. And a fine Hercules I think the book will be, if I may judge (as I am sure I may) from the five essays I have read. Reviewers, by the way, are said to read only a small portion of the books they write about. I at least am honest here; perhaps because it is not my fault. As might be expected, the proofs which have been sent to me have not a few mistakes: misprints I am quite sure they are. Otherwise I can praise without stint. Even the essay on the Entomology of the Bible attracts me greatly, though I have no more knowledge of Entomology than the writer says he has of Hebrew: I find the subject here quite exciting, in parts even bloodcurdling. Edgar Wallace, look to your laurels (or revenues)! Then I do know something about the Religion of the Gallo-Romans, for I once began a history of France and studied this part of the origins with some care. I find Mr. Lawton's Essay thoroughly sound historically and extremely interesting as a record. It is full of real learning, and that learning is made truly attractive. Then I come to Spiritual Values in Shakespeare and welcome Sir Mark Hunter with open arms. His is a delightful and very careful study. I am very glad that he has used Dr. Beeching's

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paper—which is not easily accessible—for nothing better has ever been written on the subject. I insist that you must be very careful in judging the opinions of a dramatist by the opinions of his characters: but none the less I am quite sure that we do know what Shakespeare felt about the ‘Fundamentals’ of morality and religion. May I say briefly what I think, and then ask my readers to see that it does not contradict, if possibly it supplements, what Sir Mark Hunter so admirably says? I will then express my own opinion—which I am quite ready if need be to support—after quite fifty years’ study of the matter. I believe that Shakespeare was certainly not a Papist, and certainly not a Puritan. I believe that he was a Catholic, that he believed the Christian faith as the Creeds express it. I think he was what people a while ago would have called, not satisfactorily I think but intelligibly, ‘a High Anglican’. There were many more of such folk about in his lifetime than most people suppose. I will give two examples of what I mean. Sir Thomas White, who saved London for Queen Mary, founded S. John’s College in Oxford under charter from King Philip I and Queen Mary I. What books of the time called ‘the alteration of Religion’ made no difference to him. He lived in the College he had endowed, attending the chapel services whether in Latin or in English to the day of his death, well on in Elizabeth’s reign. A somewhat similar instance is afforded by Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham who founded the College which bears their name. And it is notorious that the vast majority of the Clergy who had first ministered as ‘Roman’ Catholic priests, slipped the word Roman easily out of their designation and served their cures as Catholic priests as long as they lived. There is nothing unusual in the Catholic religion of Shakespeare: all that can be said is that he was no bigot or fanatic. And this fits in with what Sir Mark Hunter so admirably says of him: ‘Neither his religion nor his morality lies on the surface’: but he stood firmly for high morality and high religion none the less. Sir Mark in every detail of his very fine essay does not go quite so far as he might or express himself as freely as I should, but I hope he would agree with me as I certainly agree with him. I do not know any writer who explains and illustrates better than Shakespeare what the English Reformation meant to the ordinary man.

I have been drawn on to write too much about this one essay, but I must be excused, because I think its excellencies are typical of the whole book. I must be content to speak very briefly of the two essays left to me, both of which seem to me to be of outstanding merit. Professor de Sola Pinto tells us ‘all about’ a little known Puritan Platonist and Mystic, Peter Sterry, not a wholly attractive character, nor as a writer (as I think) so beautiful as Traherne, but still a man who shows that Literature, even in ranks less exalted than Milton’s, was not wholly on the King’s side. This is a study which I find it impossible to compress: it must be read very carefully to extract the fulness of its information and the charm of its style. The comparison with Blake is extremely interesting. Sterry is attractive as a Platonist rather than as a Puritan. If it was he who at Cromwell’s deathbed answered the pathetic question of the Protector by telling him that it was impossible to ‘fall from grace’ one can only distrust his theology even if one attributes it to a sort of muddle-headed kindness of heart. There is nothing muddle-headed about the theology or the philosophy or the filial kindness of Professor Cock’s essay on Friedrich von Hügel, a masterly exposition full of enthusiasm and *pietas*. No one I think has taught us to appreciate von Hügel so fully as Professor Cock has. No one knows the whole of his work so well or loves it so much. And when we remember von Hügel’s generous appreciation of Dr. Montefiore’s ‘moving pages upon prayer’ we feel the special appropriateness in this book of an essay which so beautifully expresses

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the meaning of the great writer's philosophy of Religion. Religion 'the act of attention directed upon God'.

I can only end by saying that I look eagerly for the appearance of the book, that I may read the other essays whose titles and the authors of which fill me with rich anticipation. But *Wessex* is impatient, and I must as reluctantly lay down my pen as I unworthily took it up.

W. H. HUTTON.

THE EARLY LIFE OF THOMAS HARDY, 1840-1891. BY FLORENCE EMILY HARDY. *Macmillan & Co., Ltd.*, 1928.

From the first volume of Mrs. Hardy's Life of her husband it is clear that the completed work will be one of the great English literary biographies, comparable to Boswell's *Johnson*, Lockhart's *Scott*, and Festing Jones's *Samuel Butler*. It is very fortunate that one of the greatest of modern English authors should have married a lady who is capable of writing such a book. Milton said that a great poet must himself be a true poem, and by this he meant that the poet's life has a value quite distinct from that of his works. By a life, of course, we understand not a mere chronological sequence of outward events, but the inner life of thought, feeling and experience as expressed in conversations, letters and journals. In their published works great authors necessarily suppress much of their individuality. When they have their singing robes about them, they are representatives of a nation, a race, even of the whole of humanity or the whole of life. A god is speaking through them, and they are lifted for a while outside the bounds of space and time. But at other times they are men like ourselves, but men with richer and finer minds than those of their fellows: and that richness and fineness must have been revealed in other ways besides their published works. The value of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* lies in its record of Johnson's private talk and the little actions of his daily life. What would we not give to have a similar record of Shakespeare's talk at the Mermaid and Milton's suppers with Cyriack Skinner and Andrew Marvell?

The Early Life of Thomas Hardy tells a story that is as moving (though fortunately not so tragic) as that of his own *Jude*. It is the story of the son of a Dorset builder, who after serving an apprenticeship to the profession of architecture, made himself one of the best English novelists of his age. The success of Mrs. Hardy's narrative is due largely to the skilful way in which she has woven into it 'notes, letters, memoranda' and personal documents of all kinds. In her Preface she tells us that 'Mr. Hardy's own reminiscent phrases have been used or approximated to whenever they could be remembered or were written down at the time of their expression *viva voce*'. The result is not only a living portrait of the young Hardy, but a wonderful background to the *Wessex* Novels. The early chapters record a series of memories of the poet's childhood which are glimpses into the rich mine from which the material for the rustic scenes in the *Wessex* Novels was derived. Here, for instance, is a passage that shows something of the beauty, of the old English country life that 'civilization' has killed:

'... this harvest home was among the last at which the old traditional ballads were sung, the railway having been extended to Dorchester just then, and the orally transmitted ditties of centuries being slain at a stroke by the London comic songs that were introduced. The particular ballad which he remembered hearing that night from the lips of the farm-women was one variously called "The Outlandish Knight," "May

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Colvine", "The Western Tragedy", etc. He could recall to old age the scene of the young woman sitting on a bench against the wall in the barn, and leaning against each other as they warbled the Dorset version of the ballad, which differed a little from the northern :

Lie there, lie there, thou false-hearted man,
Lie there instead o' me ;
For six pretty maidens thou hast a' drown'd here,
But the seventh hath drowned thee !

O tell no more, my pretty par-rot,
Lay not the blame on me ;
And your cage shall be made o' the glittering gold,
Wi' a door of the white ivo-rie !

The latter part of the book is rich in extracts from the notebooks which Thomas Hardy filled during the 'seventies and 'eighties with jottings which provided much of the material for his novels and poems. These notes embody some of his most profound and arresting thought. They are Hardy's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, true *Moments of Vision* often not inferior to his poems in their piercing observation and their philosophic depth. For instance, the entry under 10 Sept., 1888 is concentrated tragedy, the stuff out of which a novel like *The Return of the Native* or *Jude the Obscure* might have been made, while the picture of the street musicians (26 April, 1884, p. 215) is a thing of pure beauty made out of the most commonplace materials. There is ripe wisdom too concerning politics, literary criticism, and many other matters. Here is a *pensée*—there is no adequate English term for this sort of writing—which reveals Hardy's position in politics, a position that reminds one of the politics of Shakespeare :—

"I find that my politics really are neither Tory nor Radical. I may be called an Intrinsicist. I am against privilege derived from accident of any kind, am therefore equally opposed to aristocratic and democratic privilege (by the latter I mean the arrogant assumption that the only labour is hand labour—a worse arrogance than that of the aristocrat—the taxing of the worthy to help the masses of the population who will not help themselves when they might, etc.). Opportunity should be equal for all, but those who will not avail themselves of it should be cared for merely—not be a burden to, nor the rulers over, those who do not avail themselves thereof".

How salutary, too, for all concerned with literature or art is the following :—

"In future I am not going to praise things because the accumulated remarks of ages say they are great and good, if those accumulated remarks are not based on observation. And I am not going to condemn things because a pile of accepted views raked together from tradition, and acquired by instillation, say antecedently that they are bad".

To read this book carefully is to make the acquaintance of a great man and to hear him talk familiarly on great subjects. No higher praise can be given to a biography. Its appearance and illustrations are worthy of its contents, and do credit to printer and publisher. It is to be hoped that, when it is completed, Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will reprint it in a form similar to that of the neat pocket volumes in which the Wessex Novels and the poems are now familiar to so many thousands of readers.

V. DE S. P.

REVIEWS

THE TREE OF LIFE. AN ANTHOLOGY MADE BY VIVIAN DE SOLA PINTO AND GEORGE NEILL WRIGHT. *Constable & Co.*

It is not very long since the only anthology most of us knew was Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. True, there were the 'Beauties' of Shakespeare and others; but a collection of unrelated gems suggested the monotonous glitter of baubles in a shop window. This peril has been avoided by the modern anthology—like those which have issued from the Oxford Press—inasmuch as the selection of extracts has been made within specified limits of subject, form, period, and language. Matthew Arnold's *Note-books*, published in 1902, contained quotations in English, French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek; but for popular use translation is almost a necessity if so large a range of authors is quoted. The Poet Laureate during the war gave us *The Spirit of Man*—a collection of extracts which, with a rare discrimination of taste and width of interest, covered the realm of human experience. The latest anthology, entitled *The Tree of Life* (Constable: 8s. 6d. net), has been produced by Professor V. de Sola Pinto and Mr. George Neill Wright, and is dedicated to Mr. R. Bridges, to whose advice and encouragement the editors express their obligation. Its sole theme is Religion, which is held to be the sap and original principle of our being. We may here note that, of quotations from other languages, only those in French appear in their native form.

The title is intriguing. Tree-symbolism appears in not a few faiths, beginning, as the illustration of the title-page suggests, with the Hebrew poem of Creation and the legend of the Garden of Eden. It was a Hebrew conception that, in the stained glass of Christian art, appears in the Jesse window (there is a much-defaced one in Salisbury Cathedral), whereon is depicted a Tree that springs from the body of Jesse and soars upward to the figure of Christ. We find it in the Wisdom literature of the Old Testament and Apocrypha, which, with the New Testament, are amply represented in this book. The tree of Calvary is often contrasted with the tree of Eden, as in the brilliant conceit of the *Pange Lingua* by Venantius Fortunatus, the Latin hymnwriter of Poitiers, who speaks of it as having been marked out from eternity to heal the hurt of Eden's tree. And outside Christianity there is the famous Ygdrasil of Norse mythology—the evergreen on which Odin hung himself in order to obtain the Runes, 'the Ash-tree of existence, which, in the quotation from Carlyle, 'spreads its boughs over the whole universe'—a wider symbolism than that of a previous extract, wherein Sir Walter Raleigh traces the various analogues of the tree of life in the classics and elsewhere up to Christ Himself.

But, if one were to seek for the inspiration which has guided the choice of extracts, it might rather be discovered in the Prologue of the Fourth Gospel, the opening verses of which stand as a motto of Book I ('God and the World'). For the term *Logos*, so difficult to translate, means not only a 'word', but also the Mind or Reason of which it is the expression, the divine creative power which is from all eternity, and has become the soul of human thought and aspiration, the fount of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, to find its culmination in the Historical Person of Christ, which once for all united the human and the divine. The term looked back to the Hebrew race, with its steady advance from the crude belief in a tribal deity to the pure theism of the prophets and their concept of a transcendent God, Whose 'word' was wisdom. It had its roots in Greek philosophy, in the distinction of the One and the Many, and in the idealism of Plato. But the belief in a creative Reason which explains all history carried with it the parallel and complementary truth of the immanence of God. We can trace this truth

as fundamental to the Greek theologians Clement and Origen, to the Neoplatonists and in particular to Plotinus; we can trace it onwards to the Renaissance, when a new-born sense of the richness of Life and the beauty of Nature entered into competition with the dogmas of Augustine and the logic of the scholastic theologians; and we can trace it to our country, when in the hard deistic eighteenth century the thought of the Cambridge Platonists, and at the beginning of the nineteenth the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge and later that of Shelley, created a new and spiritual conception of the relation of God to the world.

Clearly it is this Platonic-Christian conception of the essential divinity of reason, of the soul of man and of the universe, that has inspired the choice of many extracts. It explains the fact that we have quotations from nearly all the great philosophers from Xenophanes to Bergson, from poets of all ages and lands, and from religious thinkers of all types, thus affording a setting of remarkable breadth and fullness for the essentials of religion. And it also explains the carefully planned scheme of thought, Book I ('God and the world') being followed by 'The Garden of God,' which illustrates the divine in Nature and Man, and 'The Sacred Foundation', which indicates the real inspiration of wisdom, poetry, and prophecy. The remaining sections deal with 'The Son of Man', 'Heaven and Hell', and 'Life Everlasting'.

No other anthology that we know covers so completely the range of religious thought. If the metaphysical and aesthetic values of religion are illustrated rather than the ethical, this is probably due to the purpose of the writers, who will, as we hope, fill up the scheme in a subsequent volume. Let it not be supposed that the selections are too recondite for the average intelligence. That the editors are conscious of the new outlook created by the science of comparative religion is clear, although we might have expected more extracts from the sacred books of the East in addition to the welcome quotations from the Koran and the Persian Sufist thinkers, Jalāluddīn, Jāmi, and Irāqī. The lover of the mystics will find his tastes amply gratified in the utterances of Eckhart, St. Teresa, Richard Rolle, Ruysbroek, and others, and in the poetry of Crashaw, Herbert, Vaughan, Traherne, Blake, and Patmore. We miss Francis Thompson and Rabindranath Tagore from the list. Keats is only represented by two extracts—one in prose and one in verse; and we could have wished for a larger proportion of John Smith and Henry More among the Cambridge Platonists, though Peter Sterry, who gets more than his share, is less familiar than any of them. Perhaps Shelley also is over-quoted. Browning, we hope, will find a place in the next volume.

But, if we note some absences, the surprises are more notable, as the reader will discover. The catholicity of the selection will be gratefully recognized. Among the moderns we note Ibsen, Hardy, Shaw, and Galsworthy; among the Russians, Doštoievsky, Tolstoi, Tchekhov, and Pushkin; and among the poets of the younger group, E. W. Hopkins, Lionel Johnson, de la Mare, Hodgson, Abercrombie, and three of the untimely-departed, Flecker, Brooke, and Plunkett. The editors show a keen interest in modern scientific thought—Darwin, Whitehead, and J. A. Thomson are here—in psychology with the names of W. James and McDougall, and in writers of notable individuality like S. Butler and Rudolph Steiner.

Misprints are few: 'Revelations', though it has the authority of the unquoted John Bunyan, is clearly an error. The notes are useful; but in the case of the *Te Deum*, the authorship as well as source might have been indicated. Finally, the type is pleasant, and the compact portable form of the book fitly clothes a body of wisdom and beauty in which none can fail to find light and joy.

R. MARTIN POPE.

REVIEWS

A FIRST BIOLOGY. By PROFESSORS S. MANGHAM AND W. R. SHERRIFFS.
Sidgwick & Jackson. pp. 174. Appendices. 2s. 6d.

This introduction to Biology is a new departure in school text-books. Instead of dealing with a number of specified types, it attempts a survey of the whole vast array of Life Forms, and it speaks well for the authors that they have accomplished this successfully within the limits of a comparatively slender volume. Moreover, the treatment is by no means scrappy, and the scheme of the book bears witness to systematic and logical planning.

Beginning with a chapter on the Haunts of Living Things, including a very useful chart of the Geological Formations and their chief fossils, the stage is set for a survey of the principal Life Forms. This chapter deals first of all with the cell, and then leads up in logical gradation from the simpler organisms to the Ferns, Cycads, Conifers, and Flowering Plants. The Animal Kingdom is treated in like manner, from the Amoeba up to the Higher Mammals. The authors have always kept to the fore the idea of the essential unity of life, and their chapter on Life Forms is a little masterpiece of condensed writing. Subsequent chapters are devoted to the main features of Structural and Physiological Growth, Plant and Animal Nutrition, Reproduction, and Movement. Finally there is a suggestive note on the fundamentals of Evolution and Heredity.

Practical teachers will appreciate the suggestions for experimental work with simply devised apparatus. The line drawings are clear and well chosen, although occasionally clarity has suffered through the crowding of too many drawings on one page.

The great feature of the book is that it is really interesting to read, and it may be confidently recommended to the ordinary reader as well as to the student. A more detailed treatment of the subject is promised in a further volume which is now in preparation.

W. J. H. WATKINS.

The Wessex Press has just published a novel by Mr. J. Stanley Little. The story is entitled *At the Sign of the Half Moon* and is a picture of life in a corner of our country which has been little affected by nineteenth-century and later developments. The district in question was at one time within the kingdom of Wessex.



WESSEX POETRY COMPETITION

The Wessex Poetry Competition for a *Poem suitable for a Broadsheet* was won by Mr. Adrian de Friston, of Pineside, Southcote Avenue, Bournemouth, who received the prize of One Guinea, offered by Miss M. de Lautour. Mr. de Friston submitted the following poem :—

FOR A GUEST-CHAMBER.

Sweet be your sleep within this quiet room,
Rested your weary limbs, dreamless your head,
Usher you slumberward, hush you the gloom
Of lavender valances and laundered bed.

Only the June dark and the gloaming loom
Athwart your sleep ; and now with all prayers said,
In pleasant languor lie till slumber come,
Dozing with candles out and curtains spread.

Let the day's cares ebb till the drowsy boom
Of the far-calling surf haunts round instead
Louder than they ; louder the weedy Frome
Babbling in dreams of her green watershed.

All country scents of upland hay perfume
The summer dusk, blow sweet from swath, and shed
Such soft heart-easing airs of clover-bloom
Around your couch. Rest, and be comforted.

ADRIAN DE FRISTON.

In the opinion of the Judge the following poem by Miss Edna Norman, of Kilfinane, Seafield Road, Southbourne-on-Sea, also deserves high commendation :—

I HAD A LITTLE WALNUT TREE.

I had a little walnut tree.
It bore me walnuts
One, two, three,
The finest you did ever see.

WESSEX POETRY COMPETITION

I split the first and out there sprang
A bird as black as walnut stain ;
But ere I wished him back again
He clapped upon a bough and sang.

I split the next and sombrely
A bloom as dark as blood arose,
Whereat my heart all grimly froze ;
But when I die 'twill die with me.

I split the third and there unfurled
The sails of a great merchant ship
Whereon I took a long, long trip
And saw beyond this ancient world.

I had a little walnut tree
And in a night
It ceased to be.

EDNA NORMAN.

A Prize of One Guinea is again offered by Miss M. de Lautour. It will be awarded to the writer of the best sonnet which reaches the Editor of Wessex on or before 1st March, 1930. For the purpose of this competition a sonnet is defined as a rhyming poem of fourteen decasyllabic lines. Any rime-scheme is admissible.

Sonnets should be accompanied by the full names and addresses of competitors and accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes. They should be addressed to—

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Details such as these, however, can only be shown satisfactorily when a scale of at least one inch to one mile is used, and it should be noted that the only complete series of maps obtainable on this scale are those produced by the Ordnance Survey.

The "One-inch" maps of Wessex are issued in several forms, of which the "Popular Edition," mounted on linen and folded in covers at half-a-crown a sheet, is a universal favourite. Each normal sheet of this series measures 27 by 18 inches, covering an area of 486 square miles. Contours are given at 50 feet intervals; objects of antiquarian interest are indicated in Old English or Roman characters, and each sheet contains a mass of useful information not readily to be obtained elsewhere.

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